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A FEATHER.

Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the gates of day,
Sailor and skylark, lark and sky,
But dropped he never a one.

Only a feather I ask of thee
From the purer air of the free;
Reward the lark dew bold and true
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
Attuch a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision flits,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Rewarded sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Takes ever a deeper and deeper tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For oh! what a soon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—*Shelley.*

[This story was commenced in No. 43, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XIX.

ST. MARY'S.

After Eustace and St. Jean were seated in the car, the young man said: "The reason why I did not take No. 18, was that I saw or fancied I saw that lady whom we met often at the Burtestes, Mrs. Tendrie."

"You saw Mrs. Tendrie?" ejaculated St. Jean. "Where, in the car?"

"Yes, and did not care to meet her, simply because I didn't feel like being bored by her talk."

"Did she see you?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, no! The fact is she was busily engaged in conversation, some mesmeric humbug whose face I didn't see."

"I wonder whom's she's bound," said St. Jean. "She's a mysterious creature. Well Mr. Sipes," turning to Hawkesworth, who having stopped on the platform and carefully exited, guished his cigar, now entered the car and stood holding on to the strap. "Well, Mr. Sipes, we are entirely at your mercy; you see. You must be our guide, for I confess I have never been to St. Mary's Hospital in my life. Does Windthrim live near there?"

"About two squares from there, Doc. They took him there because it was the nearest place. St. Mary's is a lovely spot I assure you. Deep embowered in woods and all that, a good place to loaf and when I went out there the other day, I almost wished I could get sick so that I may take it easy for a while in such a place. It's as good as a summer resort. Fine airy rooms, high ceilings, plenty of ventilation, trees, flowers, a splendid lawn, a fountain and a tip-top library. I would like to live a valetudinarian life there."

"A valetudinarian life' is good, Mr. Sipes," laughed the Doctor, "and so is the polysyllable! But with regard to this mystery, do you really think Windthrim knows anything about it—has any clew?"

"I don't see how he could have, Doc. You see he was taken unawares and became unconscious. He didn't see his assailants at all."

"Have you any theory of the reasons for this attack?"

"Yes," answered Sipes, "he was attacked because he had been suspected of informing upon the party who brought the body. It was a work of pure spite. I cannot see any other motive in the assault, except to kill this poor old man, out of mere vengeance. My idea of the whole thing is this: there's a ring in the whole affair—there's a woman in it I'll bet ten dollars, perhaps a couple of women. Some clandestine crime, and a couple of villains, one rich, one poor. Voila tout! There is your tragedy! I'll give you my theory in detail and also the line of my search another time, when we get out of this cursed car, there is such a confounded pressing and crowding that one can't think to him! Doing now, Doc, talking down to my audience."

The car was likely becoming over-crowded. So Sipes terminated his conversation and stood taking mental notes of the passengers, and Eustace and the Doctor were constrained to stare at floors and fogs, as one has to do in a crowded street car, for want of a better vista.

At length, after what seemed to them all a most doleful and tedious journey, they stopped at Eighteenth street, and repairing to Chestnut opened a fat woman with a big basket—a girl with a bundle of coats, and tripping over the silk tenth of an over-dressed young lady—they escaped from the car with an exclamation of relief and walked up the breezy street in this rural quarter of the city with something of elasticity.

"Now, you were going to tell me of your theory of the affair, Mr. Sipes," said the Doctor, as they passed up the street.

"Yes—and wind I really believe about the matter is this. I don't know, I'm no prophet, nor am I a clairvoyant, nor am I doing anything just now beyond surmising, but we will see how nearly my idea of the story corresponds with the real denouement. Now, in the first place, there's a lady, the lady of a very beautiful woman, smuggled into the college. This body is brought there by a certain man, who has previously bribed the janitor to allow him access to the building. Well, now the question which naturally arises first is, why was all this mystery wrapped about this corpse? Why was it hurried off in such a way to a medical college 'for the cause of science—for the doctor's haiven!' Simply because it was necessary to get rid of the body and destroy all vestige of it. But you may say, the same thing might be accomplished by dropping it into the river or disposing of it upon a railroad track, as if it were the work of a suicide or an accident. But this was not what the authors of the young mystery desired. A body thrown into the water might and would appear again, in all probability would be identified and would be recognized, and perhaps traced. So would a body found on a railroad track. The object then, the method of the madness of these criminals, was to avoid public exposure of the body, so they resorted to the bold trick of passing it off on a college, and bungled in doing it, because the card that accompanied the corpse was of itself enough to excite suspicion. But the guilty party or parties thought that it would not take long for the scalpels of the students to destroy the identity of this corpse, and that once done, he she or they were safe. But you say, the college authorities would certainly discover a strange corpse and make investigations. I say, Bosh! I know what college authorities are, and how bodies are smuggled in. I've had experience in that line, Doc."

"I think you are wrong, Mr. Sipes. You slander the college. As long as I have been professor there, there has never been an affair of this sort, before this, I'll warrant you. The college authorities are not fools."

"No, not fools, but knaves, sometimes; and as for your knowledge of certain little carryings on, oh, my! Excuse me, Doctor, but how green you are."

"Probably I am, Mr. Sipes, on many subjects. Every man is a rampant sciolist in something. But by the fonds I've tried to do my duty at the college, and I'll do it yet if I haven't succeeded! I'll unearth this crime or abandon my profession forever!"

"We won't quarrel about vapors, Doc. Come; I'm giving you an idea of my theory. What we want to find out first is the motive which prompted these criminals to send the body to the college. Was it a set up job against the college? I think not. My only idea as to that point is that it was the desperate attempt of a person or persons who were actually maddened to get rid of the body at all hazards, in as secret a way as possible. Was it murder? Probably. Did there seem as much as of violence about the corpse. How did she die? By poison? Probably. Say she died of poison, then the poisoner anxious to rid himself or herself of the body without publicity, resolved upon the desperate plan we know of. Now look you, the game was played by a party who must rid itself of the body absolutely and without exciting the least suspicion. It was, too, the work of a person who was not a professional."

"Why erased?"

"I say erased, in contradistinction to mad, for their is a distinction between the words, Doc. The person was erased or rendered for the moment actually crazy, and in that delirious moment acted upon its promptings and chose a bizarre and unusual method of disposing of the body. A mad person would have more running. He would give the body a public burial, and disguise the cause of death, give out that the woman died of heart disease or brain-clot or anything else, and have her buried quietly and nobody would be the wiser. But here, the guilty party or the erased party spends a large sum of money in his eagerness to get rid of the body, which is a needless extravagance to him. He must remove it from his sight at once—quickly—safely. It must not reappear. It must be destroyed, disorganized, annihilated! Therefore to the college with it, for the 'doctors' knives,' to hack it into disfigurement."

"Well now we come to the party himself, who do you think he is?"

"Hey!" answered Sipes. "There may be half a dozen, and he and a couple of dozen shes in the matter. We'll get hold of the parties by and bye."

"Your fanciful theory is all very well in its way, Mr. Sipes," said St. Jean, "but it is very impractical. What we want is a clue to the parties and we will find out the motives soon enough."

"Oh, we'll find out the parties, depend upon it, before long too."

"I hope so, indeed. Probably Windthrim can put us on the track if he is able to remember what occurred."

"We had better consult an astrologer or fortune teller," suggested Sipes.

"Yes," returned St. Jean. "You speak soberly. We had better. Our friend, Mr. Marvin, here, is one, and he has already interpreted the hieroglyph written on the sword wallet."

"Ah! indeed!" said Sipes, looking at Eustace, with a smile.

Eustace replied "Well, he really tells the truth, Mr. Sipes. The fact is he mesmerized me last night, and succeeded in getting a revelation out of me of some sort or other."

"Is that so?" ejaculated Sipes. "By Jiminy, I'll have to make a note of that! Dash me if it isn't a prime sensation!"

"I'm glad you are," said Eustace. "He put me to sleep—into a clairvoyant sleep, and a sleep which was not by any means pleasant."

"You really surprise me!" said Sipes. "Why, can it be possible that you are a somnambulist? By Jiminy, if you are, so much the better. Our riddle is solved."

"Do you believe in clairvoyant power?" asked Eustace.

"I don't know what to believe, Mr. Marvin! I have been in all sorts of seances and seen lots of old men and women go crazy over the ropetying tricks, and table-moving and rapping and materialization and all that humbuggery of charlatanism; but there may be something in mesmerism and spiritism too, for all I know. There is the true and the false in everything. But tell me—how came you to hit upon it?—what did you reveal?"

Nothing more than a succession of phantasms—I suppose," answered Eustace.

"But the name on the card wallet?"

"I made it out to be to D.W. from Annie Templeton"

"I'm as much in the dark as ever—who's she?"

"I know her as a young woman who lives near Newton. I have seen her often"——

"Ha, ha! You don't my sir!" By Jiminy, Doc, we are on the scent after all. But the 'D. W.'?"

"I give that up for the present."

"It's a fearful trudge to this hospital of yours, Sipes!" said St. Jean, "are we ever going to get there?"

"There it is now. Behold St. Mary's! Behind the trees there! See the cupola!"

"It's a Catholic institution, isn't it?" demanded St. Jean.

"I don't know, Doc. I only know it's a Christian institution and a humanitarian institution, Catholic or no Catholic, it's all the same if it blesses humanity!"

"I like you for that speech, Mr. Sipes. You are right. It is indeed a beautiful place, too—a charming place!"

Passing into a little office fronting the street, and lingering there but a moment while Sipes took a hurried glance over the register of residents, they came into the hard gravel walk leading up to the marble entrance way. Convalescent patients were limping about the garden—or sitting with white faces under little umbrellas bloomed around. All was quiet, clear and fragrant. It was more like some enchanted palace than the abode of suffering and manifold human misery. Sipes led the way, and his followers passed into a cozy room where a man was writing at a desk.

"Good morning!" said the reporter.

The man nodded.

"These gentlemen friends of mine want to see Jacob Windthrim, who was brought here the other day. He's in Ward 16, I think."

"Well, yes" answered the man hesitatingly, surveying the visitors, "but I think there's no admittance! He's been so bad that the Doctor says he mustn't see any body. Besides, he don't like people near him. He's so flighty and ,keeps screaming, the Doctor tells me, 'You mustn't come here—you mustn't come here. You're going to kill me!' and such stuff. He's in a bad way, I'm afraid! Are you relations of his?"

"No, not exactly relations," answered Sipes; "but friends who are interested in him. There has been nobody to see him since I was here, has there?"

"No, not that I know of," answered the man. "You had better see the Doctor about it. Go up stairs to the waiting room, and speak to the warden; he'll ring a bell and call the Doctor. Please leave your names?"

"Certainly!" said Sipes—"You remember me tho'—don't you?"

"Oh! yes, I remember you well enough—I mean your friend's names."

"Oh! that's all right," said Sipes, taking a pen and winking at the Doctor and Eustace—"I'll sign them. Give us the book. There it is. He pulled the large volume towards him, and leaning on the desk wrote,

"Sir Thomas Mur-phy."

"Sir Dionysius Edwards."

"What do you mean!" whispered S' Jean, looking at the record.

The reporter winked again and the Doctor and Eustace, wondering at his behavior, said nothing, but awaited further development. Then they left the room and came into the marble hall, and went up the broad stair case.

"I'll tell you why I put you gentlemen under assumed names; dash me if I didn't forget all about mentioning it to you before we came in. You see it won't do to come here on business of this kind and let the cat out of the bag. There are always spies around. Moreover, it is better to pass as strangers. There's an air of mystery about it. So I scribbled down your noms de guerre for fun. Doc, you're Sir Thomas Murphy! remember!"

"And, I suppose, I'm Dionysius Edwards!" laughed Eustace.

"Of course. Don't get them mixed. Don't say Edward Thomas Dionysius, or Sir Murphy Thomas Edwards! That fellow in there, when he reads them, will think you're English lords on a sight-seeing tour to America. One name is good enough for a time, Sir."

"Well, if you get us in a scrape, Sipes, you must get us out! I believe I've forgot my name entirely. I'm Sir Thomas Murphy, am I?"

"Yes! don't forget. I'll introduce to the Doctor so—He's the warden."

"How are you," said Sipes to that officer, who was sitting reading a paper at the entrance of the room. "Where's the Doctor?"

"Shall I ring for him?" queried the warden "If you please."

The man obeyed by pulling a bell, and after a very long interval the Doctor came. He rec ognized Sipes and shook hands with him.

"Doctor!" said Sipes, "allow me to introduce my good friends from England, Sir Thomas Dionysius and Sir Edwards Thomas—" He winked at the bewildered Eustace, and St. Jean and Eustace could hardly keep from laughing outright.

"Happy to meet you, gentlemen," said the Doctor, bowing gravely. "Are you on a visit from some sort or other?"

"Is that so!" ejaculated Sipes. "By Jiminy, I'll have to make a note of that! Dash me if it isn't a prime sensation!"

"I'm here, sir," said Eustace. "He put me to sleep—into a clairvoyant sleep, and a sleep which was not by any means pleasant."

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"It's a fearful trudge to this hospital of yours, Sipes!" said St. Jean, "are we ever going to get there?"

"There it is now. Behold St. Mary's! Behind the trees there! See the cupola!"

trembling, and bending forward with St. Jean to see the janitor.

"My dear man's dead," answered the Doctor, coolly.

CHAPTER XX.

AN INVITATION.

"My God! It can't be possible!" ejaculated St. Jean.

"It is indeed; put your hand here on his heart! Look at his face! He's been dead some time!"

"How did he die? What killed him?" demanded Eustace.

"Shock!" answered the surgeon. "Shock to his infirm organization. Remember he was old, and look how he is bruised; look at his eyes and forehead!"

"Poor fellow," said St. Jean, "poor fellow!" He did not tell the physician that he did not agree with him, as to the cause of the old man's death.

Sipes was sitting on the edge of the bed taking notes. He said:

"Depend upon it, that man knew something! They've went for him to hush him up! Depend upon it. It's a dashing shame!"

"Very likely!" said St. Jean. "But we must get on the track.

The hospital doctor did not understand the position of affairs, nor the interest those alleged English lords took in this poor wretched body. The patients who occupied the neighboring wards were disturbed by the scene. Some of them sat up in their cots and looked with faces of terror upon the group around the dead man.

"Well, doctor," said St. Jean to the surgeon, "I will see that this poor man is buried decently, and also that whatever debt is due to the hospital is paid." This friend of mine, Mr. Sipes, will act as my agent in the matter, and see to everything."

"There is no expense, sir," answered the doctor. This is a place of charity, you know, sir!"

"God bless its ministrations, then," said St. Jean, reverently.

"Will you look at the rest of the building, gentleman?" asked the physician. Eustace had turned away, his nervous organism not being able to endure this sad scene.

"No, not now, thank you—some other time. This affair has quite knocked us," said St. Jean. "I will leave this matter in your hands, Doctor, and Mr. Sipes will attend to everything. Poor Jacob! Poor Jacob!"

The physician looked at St. Jean, curiously—almost suspiciously—and thought to himself, "This is a curious affair altogether, from beginning to end."

Then they left the hospital, St. Jean previously paying a small fee to the warden, which he did not refuse, and took a car for the heart of the city. Then the Doctor invited Eustace and Sipes to breakfast with him at a cozy French restaurant, where one could get a glass of real claret, a good cigar and a well-cooked meal for a trifle. Sipes did not wish to accept the Doctor's hospitality at first. He pleaded business, but yielded at length to the Doctor's urgent coaxing, and entered the cafe with him.

During the dejenner St. Jean said:

"I can't get the dead face of that poor old man out of my mind. There's another mystery, Mr. Sipes! I'm not generally suspicious, but by the fonds a thought struck me just now which may be worth something. What would you say if the parties who maimed this man sent emissaries to the hospital to complete their work, and either poisoned his medicine or stabbed him quietly?"

"By Jiminey!" said Sipes. "Dash me—if there isn't something in that suggestion, Doc! Let us not be even tampered with! It's not likely he died of mere bruises, is it?"

"No!" answered the Doctor—"but I'll find out! I'll find out! They told us no one visited him! I can't believe that. I must investigate it further! Before we part—" added St. Jean to Sipes—"I want to ask two favors of you."

"Ask away, Doc."

"One is to make no mention of this in the 'Gazette,' until you hear from me."

"All right!"

"The other is, to give me that card wallet, I want it for a purpose. That purpose is this: To-night, or to-morrow, I intend to go over to Burdette's with Mr Marvin and catechise that Templeton girl. I'll return you the card case immediately."

"Here it is, Doc! You're welcome to it!" Hawkesworth took the article in question from his pocket and gave it to the Doctor.

"Now, gentlemen," said Sipes, as they parted, Sipes going back to the "Gazette" office, while Marvin and the Doctor walked up to the station to take the next train for Newton.

They were soon reached the cars safely and after a pleasant ride arrived home.

When St. Jean went into his library he laughed when he opened a note he found there. It was on thick, scented paper with a gold monogram. It was to this effect.

"Mrs. Helen Burdette and Mrs. Augusta Tendrie, request the pleasure of the company of Doctor St. Jean and friends to a garden party at Lake Hall, on the evening of July 19, 1877."

"Ha'lo, Eustace—read this!" said the Doctor. "Here's a queer invitation —a garden party—Lake Hall? Where the deuce is that? I suppose they call their establishment by that fancy name. I never heard it called that before."

Eustace glanced at the note and laughed too.

"I suppose 'friends' means ladies," he said. In that case I might have a chance of escorting Bertha over."

"That's all. It would be a treat for her. She has never been over there, and I was talking last night to her about the magnificent conservatory that lucky woman has. Well, we'll go. There will be some life there if I'm not mistaken; plenty of good music and good viands, too! I'll answer it at once."

"What's the matter, Doctor?" said Eustace, going to the side of the patient. "I gave him a good dose of morphine last night, he was so fearfully crazy—ah, ha!" he exclaimed, throwing off the clothes from Windthrim's head.

"Yes. What do you think of the music? I have been strumming?

"It is excellent. Though to confess the truth, I only heard it in intermittent intervals. I will hear it at Burdette's. Get your hat while I see to the gig.

"Have you sent her, for it?"

"Yes. By the way, my boy, that fellow Ruffin has taken his departure."

"He has?"

"Yes. There was a slight row last night between Joe and him, Ruffin having joined a military company, was elected lieutenant or something of that sort and coming home full of warlike ideas and thirsting for blood, drew his sword on Joe and had it not been for Bertha, would, in his mad fit, have quartered him."

Eustace smiled. "What a picture, and so 'Captain Jinks' wanted to demolish the butler?"

"Yes. However, he fled at dawn as all evil things are supposed to do, and served himself being disharged, for I intend to punish him and then pack him off as quick as possible. He drinks too much and is very quarrelsome."

"Yes, he and Joe were forever quarrelling, that's a fact."

Joe soon came up, driving the gig to the park gate.

"Joe, where's Ruffin?"

"Down in the barn."

"What! Down in the barn?"

"Yes," answered the coachman with a grin, "he's sulking down there in his color clothes."

"Confound the rascal!" ejaculated St. Jean, "he must not stay there. He'll be up to some other mischief shortly. How long has he been there."

"All day sir."

"Well I won't bother him now, but to-morrow I'll speak to him. Come on, boy, jump in!"

Joe yielded the reins to St. Jean, and Eustace seating himself alongside of his master, the gig started off up the road. Hetty, the mare, seemed to divine exactly the direction they desired to go, and with more impulse than usual, brought them to Burdette's in a very short time.

Arriving there, the first person they encountered was Miss Templeton.

"Good evening, Doctor. Good evening, Mr Marvin! Mrs. Burdette and Mrs. Tendrie are in the dining room I'm told."

"Ah! then we have intruded!

"Not at all. Dinner is long over and they're only making preparations for the party. I'll tell them. Miss Southgate is there, too, I believe."

The house looked brighter and gayer than usual. There seemed to be more color about it, and this the Doctor discovered was literally the fact, for the house had just been newly painted, and during the brief space that Eustace had been absent, an Aladin-like change had taken place in the arrangement of the curtains and furniture of the room—not that they had been replaced by new articles, but had evidently been rearranged.

"This looks like business, my boy!" said the Doctor.

"Are you not going to talk to that girl?" asked Eustace, in a low tone of voice.

"Presently. Be patient; I'll have my eye on her. Ah, here comes the ladies!" They indicated Mrs. Burdette and Mrs. Tendrie. Miss Southgate was not with them.

"How delighted we are!" exclaimed Mrs. Burdette, leading the van, and greeting the visitors with her usual affability.

"Oh! We've been here so hard at work, Doctor—with one thing and another, putting things to rights here and there and everywhere, in preparation for that grand affair.

"You will not recognize the place on that night," broke in Mrs. Tendrie smiling and both the gentlemen looking very docile and winning.

"I see," mused St. Jean. "There are already indications of approaching festivity! You are right to take things in time!"

"How was the sunset this evening?" asked Eustace of the ladies.

"Not so charming Mr Marvin. Not at all a success. We must do better. What think you of running the gas pipes into the conservatory and lighting the plants with various colored lights?"

"Perfectly so," answered Mrs. Burdette. "The gas fitters have been here all day and have completed the work. The conservatory will be charming."

"I suppose you came to see your patient," said Mrs. Burdette to the Doctor.

"Yes, where is she?"

"In the reception room. Let me escort you. Excuse me Mrs Tendrie and Mr. Marvin."

The Doctor saw that Mrs. Burdette desired to see him alone, and he thought it a favorable opportunity to himself, here at that time upon the scheme he had in view respecting Miss Templeton.

Mrs. Tendrie smiled and bowed and began talking to Eustace, whom she can imagine how he relished her conversation.

As soon as Mrs. Burdette left her company she said to St. Jean:

"I don't know what to do really. Miss Southgate has had another swooning spell and now all the afternoon she has been in tears. In vain I try to comfort her. I believe the poor girl's hemstick be full of tears."

"Let us see her," said the Doctor

Entering the reception room they found Gertrude had disappeared.

The Doctor though deeply agitated concerning her, was nevertheless desirous of getting at the root of the card case mystery, and he was eager to profit by the opportunity while he could. He said to the lady:

"I want you to do something for me. It is only a little favor."

You see a friend and I made a bet about something. He found a card case and to it was a name. I bet him the name was Miss Templeton's. He bet me it was not. The card case being at issue, I want you to interview Miss Templeton here while I stand outside there on the veranda and listen. You see I do not wish to frighten the girl and you know her better then I do. So I want you to take this walks and tell Miss Templeton you found it. This will only be a gentle precaution, as I shall drop the wallet on the floor, thus." He let the card case fall.

Mrs. Burdette picked it up, and looking at the Doctor, said smilingly:

"You mustn't impose on me because I'm good natured. Do not play any trick on me, Doctor."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed St. Jean. "I'll tell the girl myself, only I might excite her suspicion."

So he left the room and stood near the window so that he might hear every word.

Annie Templeton passed the door a moment afterwards and Mrs. Burdette called her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CATECHISM AND A CLUE.

"Annie, here I want you!" said the hostess.

"Well, what is it, Mrs. Burdette."

"I want to speak to you about something. You took the children away to-day I suppose, and I hope they're in good quarters, your dear little things."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, it's a splendid place."

"I suppose the poor little things cried dreadfully at first?"

"Yes ma'am. But Charlie got mad and bit me, and I had to whip him!"

"My, my; how could you do that, Annie? Poor little fellow!"

The Doctor from his hiding place thought the woman was coming to the point with a vengeance. He felt like cutting in the window and asking the girl how to face about the whole affair, and have it say if his mind. Then he laughed to think of Eustace and Mrs. Tendrie, and how halcyon the night would seem to him in her presence. Then he thought—"For some object that somebody has to blow, those children have been sent away. I must tell Mrs. Burdette what it means! By the fonds, the labyrinth grows deeper and deeper."

"He's such a little demon!" said Miss Templeton, recurring to little Charlie. "He would try a saint. I'm so glad they're gone."

"I can't say that I am," answered Mrs. Burdette.

"They were company for me—I love them, and I want them to go to Cape May with me next month."

"Oh! they can't leave where they are. What would Mrs. Tendrie say?"

"We'll see, Annie. We'll see. I'll ask her advice. By the by, I want you to tell me something. A pocketbook was found and I want to know if it belongs to you?"

She handed the card case to the girl, who took it with a look of blank astonishment.

"Why, ma'am, where did you find it?"

"Never mind where, is it yours?"

She opened it, looked inside and exclaimed;

"Why, it's the very card-case I gave Dave Wykoff!"

The Doctor was delighted. "Ha! ha!" he said to himself, "that's the D. W."

"Dave Wykoff! who is he? I never saw him."

"Oh, don't you remember?" answered Miss Templeton, very much puzzled at the sight of the wallet, which she kept turning over in her hands and examining with the greatest attentions.

"I do not," replied Mrs. Burdette.

"Why, he's that gentleman who helped Mrs. Tendrie and I in the carriage one day, when we had gone to the city. He's a splendid gentleman."

"I do not remember him!" "Have you seen him lately?"

The girl blushed and said

"Yes, ma'am"

"You say you gave him this card case. How is that? How came you to give it to him?"

"For a present on his birthday. He gave me a splendid pair of earrings, ma'am, and I thought I'd make him a little present. But, oh, it is so strange to see this again. Please ma'am, where you got it?"

"I found it here."

"How came it to be here?"

"That is what we want to find out, Annie. It will be revealed all in good time, but now what I want to know is when it was you gave the gentleman this wallet?"

"On his birthday."

"When was that?"

"On the second of March."

"Where did you see him?"

"I didn't see him, ma'am. I just bought the card-case because he had so many cards and letters and papers of his in his pockets, and I thought he'd like to have a case to put them in."

"Well."

"And then I went it to him in a letter. Oh, please do tell me Mrs. Burdette what has happened to him; tell me, tell me, you look so strange!"

Nonsense, child. Nothing has happened to him as far as I know. I do not know the gentleman I never saw him, and I only wanted to find out your love affair, that's all, she added, smiling at the girl.

Miss Templeton crimsoned at the mention of love affair, and said

"Oh, ma'am!"—reproachfully. Then she said, "Please tell me, is Mr Wykoff here?"

"No, dear. I will you I have never seen him, nor do I know him, nor have I heard of him till you told me—where does he live?"

His office is on Bellen street. He's a lawyer."

The Doctor outside the window made a careful mental note of this point. It seemed a clue and a very good one to him.

"He's Mrs. Tendrie's lawyer?"

"Yes ma'am—and he has been very kind to me. Oh! how I wish I knew how you came across that card-case, I do indeed. Won't you tell me."

"Yes, presently, but now I want you to answer me another question. Did you write the words 'from Annie T. to D. W.' in the case?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Has this Mr. Wykoff ever been here?"

The girl hesitated and paled and then she said slowly, "No, ma'am."

The confusion of Miss Templeton at this question, was noticed by Mrs. Burdette, who suspected in an instant that probably this man visited Annie clandestinely here, and she guessed the Doctor had some deep object in view to attempt this inquisition.

He has never been here?" she again interrogated.

"No, madam?"

"Now tell me the truth!"

Annie hardly knew how to reply. Her

coming was far the moment thwarted. He did not wish to betray this man, and yet did not wish to tell a lie. But Mrs. Burdette had discovered something, and had found the card case on the ground, for David Wykoff had really been in the that neighborhood more than once.

Miss Templeton, therefore, made up her mind in an instant, how to reply to this question. She saw that it would be folly to attempt to tell a deliberate and premeditated falsehood. So she meditated her answer by adding:

"No, ma'am; that is to say—"

"Well?"

"Not lately!"

"Oh, he has been here then; why did you deny it? When was he here?"

"A few days ago."

"In here—in this place?"

"No, ma'am; not that I know of. I didn't see him. I never saw him inside the grounds."

"Where did you see him then?"

"Only outside in the lane. He would come up in a carriage and meet me, and sometimes take me through with him around the neighborhood."

"Why Annie! How could you be so bold! Then Stephenson also knew this?"

"He swore to."

"And Mr. Tendrie say to all this he had nothing?"

The girl felt that she had said already too much, and was resolved to go no further if she could help it. Either to betray herself this man, or implicate others.

"Mrs. Tendrie knew, of course, you gave this information to the gentleman?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"You must."

"No, ma'am."

"Well, now give me the case back. I want it."

"You want it, Mrs. Burdette" asked the girl with a look of suspicion and alarm. "What for?"

"To restore it to its owner, when I see him."

The girl heard this with some relief.

"I do not think it is fair," she added, "It is not property, by rights, and I ought to give it back myself, and if it's going to get him into any trouble I'd rather not. Mrs. Burdette, please tell me all—tell me where you got this card, and how it came here?"

"It was found in the garden."

"Mr. Burdette!" said Miss Templeton before Mrs. Burdette could speak, "if anything should happen to Mr. Wykoff I should never forgive you, for I should say that you were the cause of it."

"There!"

"Why, Annie! What have I to do with Mr. Wykoff?"

"What have you to do with him? Nothing good I say. Who did you get that packet from, Mrs. Burdette? Found it here, I suppose, and thus expect me of receiving him here. It's a shame! It's a shame!"

The girl's anger was more than a "short touchiness."

When her invitation had somewhat subsided she was conscious that she had nearly betrayed herself in her fit of passion, removed her confusion and embarrassment, and had given Mrs. Burdette a look of injured innocence, acquired from her mistress, Mrs. Tendrie.

Mrs. Burdette said quietly—

"You are certainly not in your senses Annie to behave this way. I cannot do harm in asking you about the card case."

"Surely there is no harm done and as for your friend, as I told you, what have I to do with him—tell me now?"

"But you want me to give you back this card case, and I want to know why you want it? And how you came by it. Now I shall not return it till I know."

"Rather" soliloquized the Doctor, Outside. "Let her keep the thing we cannot want it If we have a clue, Mrs. Burdette will excite her suspicions directly and raise a storm here. I wish I could speak a word to her"

"That is not kind to me, Annie," answered the hostess.

"I am sure you can oblige me with an answer to my question," returned the girl. "Where did you find this?"

"On the floor. Here in this room," answered Mrs. Burdette, speaking literally the truth. "Now on the floor."

"It is very strange," said the girl then a suspicion arose in her mind that her visit on might be for the sake of the card case from the lawyer, but to what purpose? What secrets was there in this little empty affair of leather? Still she suspected everybody everything, of course! Of some deep defined conspiracy against her for some occult purpose. She did not know what.

"Was Mrs. Tendrie here in this room?

"No! not that I know of?"

Miss Southgate?"

She was jealous of Gertrude and now her thoughts directed themselves to her with a vague suspicion.

"Yes, Miss Southgate was here as you well know. You saw her here. But what she has to do with your question, I cannot well imagine. She never had the card case. Never saw it."

"I didn't say she did, Mrs. Burdette. Yet it's very singular, very singular. Do the gentlemen, Mr. Marvin and the Doctor know of this?"

"Truly, Annie, I hardly think either of them know any more than I do. I'm sure that they have not seen nor heard of this question you put off of."

"Why were you so inquisitive? Why do you want the card case again?"

"Simply to keep it until called for."

"I will keep it myself then" even"

"As you please, Annie."

"Oh, dear, it is so strange, so strange so curious! I cannot imagine how it should come here. It is so mysterious, indeed. Mrs. Tendrie so the gentleman dropped it. Are you sure Mrs. Tendrie did not have it?"

"That I cannot say, Annie. I know it was lying here at my feet and I picked it up and asked you about it. It is a very pretty case."

"Very, and I shall keep it. If Mr. Wykoff cannot take better care of my gifts, I had better keep them to myself. He is like all men I suppose and don't take such knick knacks. But he may have been here to-day when I was up with the children. Are you sure he was not?"

"I am sure that he was not, Annie."

Just then a high voice exclaimed from the

"My doctor, you here?"

St. Jean felt the voice stab him to the soul as he turned and outwardly cursed the speaker for betraying his place and revealing his hiding place.

It was Mrs. Tennie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Diamond, Dust and Cheap-cut.

[By Eugene Field, Kids, Watchman.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, ever half a century old, lands fresh, new, and sparkling on our table as ever, as a respectable literary family journal. It has 16 large pages, comes a week, for only $2 a year, making it the cheapest, best and strongest literary paper of its class. Its departments are well and ably conducted.

OUT OF SIGHT.

The drifting snow piles white and soft above them,
The keen frost brings his sharpest pains to prove them;
They feel wind strife through all the lonely day;
And yet through bitter storm, and biting night,
They sleep as sweetly as the sleep of light.

Chilled by indifference, drowned deep in tears,
Wearied by a restless agony of tender doubt,
Tossed on the waves of passion, and the fears,
By summer's ardent breath cast to and fro,
Till the poor heart grows powerless with grief,
And sinks, a stranger to all hope of blessing,
And drowned in the mighty drainage sing,
Of the dark river of forgetfulness that rushes
Out of sight.

DIVIDED.

Nothing seems changed except myself. I lean my elbows on the old broken moss covered wall and watch the sun set. The evening is just as calmly bright, the sky as blue and cloudless, as it used to be in the old years ago that have gone out of my life for evermore. The slight sighing of the wind through the fire wood behind me — the dear Evanton Wood, of which every stick and stone is one of the past—sounds just as it used The last sweet songs of the birds fill the air with melody as when my lover and I used to stand and listen long ago; and somehow on this night the spell of the past is upon me, and the memories of the days that are no more is fresh and green as the events of yesterday. I have come out to take one more last look at the scene we used to visit together, to live for a brief hour in the memory of the past, and then, with a firm, strong hand, I shall bury all the old days, and think only of the life before me.

* * * * * * *

It is five years ago now since I took my first journey to London. I had been gifted with a power to penetrate the mist which clouds the future, and could I have seen the result of that visit, I wonder whether I should have taken that southern journey?

It was a long and dreary way for me to travel and there were no "adventures by the way," such as I have often heard of girls meeting with to vary the monotony. My home was in the North, and I looked round on the morning I left it, it seemed to be taking a sort of farewell of the dear familiar things I loved so well. The delightful moat garden where never a weed was allowed to grow; the little greenhouse, with its shelves of flowers, the vine which grew round the dining room window and nearly to the roof I was leaving them all, and I never dreamed as I turned away after my mute silence round, of the change I should undergo in my thoughts and feelings before I looked again upon the scene I was leaving.

As I was standing lost in thought, my father's voice roused me. "Come, Peg," he cried, "you will miss your train if you stay there any longer!" And a moment after we were both whirling away through the bright summer air and my cottage home, with warm loving hearts behind, was far.

My uncle, at whose home I was going to stay, lived at a beautiful place on the banks of the Thames. He was a widower with two children, Cavendish and Emily; and I felt at home at once, they were so kind and unaffected, and so anxious to do all they could to make my visit pleasant and happy. A pretty tiny boat was moored at the bottom of the long garden, which sloped down to the edge of the water. It was almost the dearest thing that I prized.

"A boat!" I exclaimed, clapping my hands in delight. "Nothing could be pleasanter. I shall love to float down the river. Fancy how glorious it will be to paddle myself about, to come out for a row, nothing above but the calm azure sky, and below the gleaming of the river and the strong lights and shadows!"

"You name me every one, Marie!," said my cousin Emily, smiling and slipping her arm through mine. "What you love you love very much. I wonder whether it would be the same if you hated any thing or any one."

"I never could hate you," I replied. "I have never had occasion to hate. Of course I cannot tell, but I cannot imagine myself hating any one strongly, even though circumstances might warrant it."

"Who can talk of such a thing upon such a lovely morning?" a man's voice startled us by asking from behind. The next moment I was gently shaking hands with Gerald Ward, almost before I could glance around, she introduced

"Peg, this is another cousin of yours—Hayne Ward and I hope he will come to us often, as he can help to make your visit pleasant."

"I shall be glad to do my best," he said, clasping my hand.

I remember my first impression of Raynard Ward was not a very favorable one. I do not know what it was I did not quite like, but there was a something indefinable, and my idea was that my cousin and I would not be such good friends as Emily anticipated. So I thought after my first glance. How little I knew!

Raynford Ward was tall, broad, well made, and handsome and after a few days I found all my unaccountable prejudices melting away into thin air.

"Now, Cavendish said to me a few evenings afterwards, "you are going to be pleased and delighted! Raynford and I are going to row you, Emily, and Mary Howard up the river when the moon gets a little higher. Would you like to?"

"Oh, so much! I replied. "You could not give me a greater pleasure."

A short time afterwards I was walking down towards the river, with my arms filled with cushions and shawls, when Raynford overtook me.

"Let me carry those, Peg," he said, taking them from me. "Now tell me how it came about that, being cousins, you called Marie? I had you called 'Peg' do you consider it a fair exchange for your pretty name?"

"Not one bit," I replied; and I am sorry that I cannot pretty name and sentiment to me to the origin of my pseudonym. They have always called me 'Peg' at home. We have all of us pet names. Do you not like it?"

"I like anything and everything belonging to you," he answered, as he helped me into the boat, "and I almost think I shall call you 'Peg' for the future. Will you allow me?"

"You may call me what you please," I said, feeling very happy that this big handsome man could care sufficiently about me to wish to call me anything.

I think it will be a long while before I forget that night upon the smooth water. Song after song floated from one or another of us through the still air and the soft silvery moonlight, while low whispered words and little tips I was learning to love beyond all others filled my heart to its utmost measure with the depth and beauty of living.

A little amusement was caused by the loss of Mary's hat—a sudden puff of wind carried it away and it was lost in the shadows of the river.

"There!" exclaimed Raynaford. "It will float on until it gets to the sea," and then, bending over me, he whispered, "and, darling, I am drifting onward likewise. What is the sea towards which I am floating?"

* * * * * * *

My fingers flew over the ivory keys as I sang, and my thoughts went back to the days before I knew Raynaford. I had often been loved—that was nothing to me; but I had never cared for any one as I found myself caring for him, and I thought a few good strong lines would express what I felt.

"If I had your desire,
That endless cry is ceaselessly deep"

"But it has chosen, Peg," Raynaford's voice said behind me, and I felt his kisses upon my neck afterwards upon my lips. "It has chosen for both of us, my darling. Merlet, would you be quite content to spend the rest of your life with me? Will you let me try to make it bright and happy for you? Will you promise me that whatever happens you will be my wife?"

Would I be content? he asked. Ah, too content, too happy! His kisses my answer when I turned and put my hand into his. There was no need of words to tell him that I loved him; my whole spoke in a long clinging kiss that followed.

The days went faster, the sun shone brighter afterwards, and my visit was drawing to a close. She found myself one morning sitting in the hall—we were sailing some friends out, and laughing and talking merrily over our "good night" when a long and violent ring at the bell startled us all into silence.

"Let me open it," Raynaford said, jumping up and opening the door as he spoke.

I caught a glimpse of a paid white face, and a long, white dress which might have been worn if it had not been black and harsh with powder, cried out:

"I want my husband."

I did not hear Raynaford's answer, for he stepped outside and closed the door after him, but I heard the sound of his voice raised a little, it seemed to me, in expostulation. After some little time he returned, and I was frightened at the change in his face. He looked old, and the wild haunted look which shone from his eyes.

"Oh, what is it? I asked, springing towards him and holding him by the arm. "Who was she, Raynaford, and what did she want here?"

"It is nothing to be frightened at, darling," he said, "it was only some poor woman who was either mad or intoxicated and who had come to take about the house in looking for her husband."

"But you were so white as a sheet, dear and Raynaford, you trouble as if you were cold How is it?" I asked

"It startled me," he replied, sitting down on one of the hall chairs and wiping his face.

"It has startled me very much, Peg. She reminds me so much of——"

"Of whom?" I said.

"Child, hush!" he replied, he stood up and folded me in his arms. "I cannot tell you anything more, only believe that whatever comes I love you as few human beings have ever loved." And, almost before I could comprehend the words, he had taken his hat and overcoat, and I was roused by the banging of the door after him.

The incident left a disagreeable impression upon my mind for some days afterwards, but where is the impress that loving lips cannot remove? It did not take very long to remove the remembrance of the strange woman Raynaford was so tender and loving that I seemed to have no thought or remembrance with him. Besides, the end of my visit was drawing near, and we made the most of the time left, either drifting down the river, wandering about the garden, or sitting under the shadow of the sycamore.

At length my last day came, and the adieus had to be spoken. It had been a happy time, and I felt very sad and sorrowful to leave so much pleasure behind me I was, however, cheered by a promise from Raynaford of a visit during the following summer, so the separation was not indefinite.

Was it the same garden I had left, I wondered, as I rambled from spot to spot round the dear familiar old place! The grass seemed greener, the flowers sweeter and brighter, the songs of the birds had a ring of deeper joy as I listened in the mellow golden light. Was the change to me or in them? In me—in me! Had I left my youth and girlhood in my old sky! Was not my heart filled with a dream, a beautiful vision, glorious as a poet's song? I took up my life where I had laid it down, but I felt it could never be quite the same again.

The New Year came at length, and our usual family gathering, and after that, when the year had turned, the time seemed to go faster There was the budding, beautiful spring to watch and admire.

The dawning of the summer brought Raynaford. It brought him to me, but, oh, so weak and changed from the strong man I had left behind! He had been ill—dangerously ill—and he came to the cottage in the North, as he said, to be nursed well again.

I am afraid I liked having him there to nurse me, I loved to wait upon and watch over him. Oh, were they not two bright to last those golden days of the sweet summer time, when we used to wander hand in hand through the green lanes, with the blue sky above us and the soft air around, blear and softer because we were together?

There was one time, I remember well, when Raynaford was almost strong again, and we walked to the old mill at Preston. It was the night before he left us. Far away the stately ships sailed smoothly upon the broad river, while the rosy light of the dying sun rested like a blessing on the earth.

Raynaford took my hand, and we leaned over the old moss covered wall.

"Peg," he said, "will you promise to remain faithful to me? Will you never forget these happy days, darling, and will you look forward as I shall always, daily and hourly, to the time which is not far distant now, when I shall come and claim my wife?"

"I shall always be faithful to my 'bonnie Dick,'" I whispered, calling him by the familiar pet name I had given him, and which he used to love to hear, "as long as you love me, dear; and you know that is my life-long love for years —you will find me always the same."

"But it will not be for years, Peg, it will not be so very long, and——Oh, what a day that will be for us both! We looks of delight, his eyes wandering away from my face to "the home of the dying sun."

We talked long and earnestly of the future that evening, and the shadows were deepening and the daylight was fading when we at length bent our steps homewards.

The next day Raynaford left us, and it was years before I looked upon his face again. Tiding was brought me that Raynaford Ward was married. It was a bitter blow to me, so much for the untruth of my "bonnie Dick" and for the crushing out of my own love. I think I felt my idol's fall, his lack of the true metal, the want of dignity and truth in him, a thousand times more than I felt disappointed in my own love. Time, but I had no feeling of bitterness towards him.

I went almost directly afterwards to stay at Harwood Lodge with a very dear friend of mine. The kind sympathy and affection of Ida Bowers and her brother Charley were very sweet to me, and they did everything that loving hearts could do, to make me forget the past.

Time passed quickly and my spirits and life regained their usual brightness. It is not my nature to cherish regrets or a broken dream. What I love I must know to be entirely worthy, or it loses strength and faith at the outset. Twelve months afterward I met Osborne Clyfford; he was very handsome, and every one admired him. He thought a thousand times more of his kind good heart than I did of his handsome face. I had had quite enough of the handsome Apollo Belvidere type, and infinitely preferred "the noble and the true" in the noble exterior which might perchance serve as a mask to hide the unlovelinness of immorality. I felt very happy when Osborne proposed to me. I was glad and thankful to say that the course of my second love run as smoothly as human affection could wish to be.

The home to which my husband took me was a very beautiful one. Clyfford Castle has been my home of peace for many years, and my life has been very happy in the companionship of my husband and children. What must to me is like the echo of our little Mardell's silvery laugh, or the patter of her tiny feet! What sight in the wide world is so loved as the loving gaze that Osborne's dark and tender eyes as they follow my every movement?

The snow lay white and thick upon the ground one cold evening in December, and Osborne and she were sitting round the fire, and she whisked the great soft flakes in showers against the windows.

It is a dreadful night," my husband said, as he leaned at the same moment with Muriel on his shoulder, looking down the stream. "We would not poke our noses out of doors to night, baby, for a very great many things, would we?"

The little one's arms clasped his manly hair closer, and the bonnie wee face, so like his own, was buried in his flowing beard as she whispered her reply. There was a little gallop up and down the room, and then peals of laughter from Muriel, to the effect of which Osborne entered with a small screwed up note on his waiver.

"If you please ma'am this has just come: a boy brought it. There is no answer," he said.

I took the note and opened it, thinking there was an appeal inside from some one in distress for all the village knew that Osborne and myself never withheld assistance when deserved. I was right in my supposition—it was an appeal from one in distress. How little I thought from whom!

"Mrs. Osborne Clifford is earnestly entreated to come at once to No. 10. Clive's Buildings" So said, "It may only mean a matter of life and is most anxious to see Mrs. Clyfford, who is urged to come at once."

"What is to be done about it?" I said, put ting the note into Osborne's hands.

"Done? Why, love, I cannot let you go! Send one of the servants with a basket of things to the poor person, but never dream of turning out yourself on such a night."

"Indeed, the case does not ask for help," I said, slipping my arm through his, and laying my cheek against his shoulder. "It says that some one who is dying is anxious to speak to me—some one who is dying, dear."

"Well, and am I to let my wife turn out on a night like this, and run the risk of colds and coughs and all kinds of unpleasant things on purpose to oblige one of Mrs. Dean's lady cats? How do we know what this person is not dying of some fever?"

"I am not at all desirous of turning out on such a cold dismal night, you may be sure, love. I shall not do it for my own sake, but I think I ought, Osborne" I said.

"Well, well, my darling, if you look upon it in that light, I will not oppose you. Go and wrap yourself up in the carriage rugs, and take you myself, only mind, if there is anything infectious I shall not allow you to go in."

It did not take me long to equip myself, and we were soon driving rapidly through the cold, piercing air. I spent the time in speculations as to the object of my unexpected summons and indefinite wonderings as to the nature of its intelligence. It was not a very long drive to Clive's Buildings, and we were soon there. I borne accompanied me into Mrs. Dean's sung little parlor; and having ascertained that there was nothing infectious in the house, he ensconced himself in an arm chair by the fire to wait for me, while I followed Mrs. Dean up stairs.

"If you'll go into the room, ma'am," Mrs. Dean said, stopping at a door at the top of the stairs. "I was particularly requested to let you go in alone. But I will wait in the next room, Mrs. Clyfford, you see, so as to be handy in case you may want me."

It never occurred to me even then who it might be who was lying ill inside that room never once, until I had turned the handle and was bending in the uncertain light over a form on the bed.

"It is kind of you to come Peg," a feeble voice whispered, and the sound of it came to me like with a thousand memories of the past.

"Oh, my poor, poor Dick!" I said, my eyes hardly tracing any resemblance in the thin, wasted face before me to the strong man I had parted with in the prime of health and beauty seven years before.

"Yes, it is Dick," he said "unhappy, most miserable Dick, Peg, did you remember, in the dear past days, once giving me a promise that, whenever I sent for you when I was dying, you would come and close my eyes? I am dying, darling, and before I go I should like to think that you will forgive me and keep your promise"

I could not answer at first, for tears seemed to choke me. While I was struggling to control my voice Raynford sank back upon the pillows, terrible fit of coughing, and afterwards he lay back upon the pillows, ghastly and fainting. I went to the head of the stairs and called Osborne.

"It is poor Dick," I whispered—"and I am sure he is dying. Oh, Osborne darling will you go and fetch Doctor Kemps? I will stay with him to hear what he says"

For answer my husband put his arm round me and kissed me fondly. A second afterwards I heard him running lightly down stairs, and I knew he would lose no time in finding the Doctor.

"Do not leave me, Peg," Raynaford said when I returned to him. "I have so much to say to you, and so little life left me to say it with. Let me hear you say you forgive me," he begged, laying a long thin hand upon mine.

"I do, most fully, most completely—you need never have asked it. But, oh, Dick," I added, in the bitterness of my self-reproach, "why—why—where is your wife? Why is she not here?"

"She is dead," he said. "She died two years ago—she killed herself with drinking, oh, my cousin, I have suffered, you have been nobly, gloriously avenged! The wrong I did you has been as a blight upon my life. Nothing has prospered with me, no one has cared for me, and I am poor I am poor! I be added, turning down the clothes, and revealing a tiny girl sleeping in the rosy flush of childhood by his side. The movement disturbed her, and she opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Come to me, my darling," I said, taking her up into my arms. The child was a miniature Raynaford—no line of the mother showed in the bright fair face. "What is your name, little one?"

"Papa calls me Cassie," she answered and tears rolled down my cheeks at the sound of the sweet young voice.

"Papa," I said, "I want you to take her when I am gone. I have her to you as my dying legacy. She has not a friend in the world except myself. Will you take her?"

"Yes, I will," I replied, clasping the little one in my arms. "She shall be as my own to me, Dick; may mercy visit me according to the love with which I shall love her!"

"Amen!" he said.

Osborne and Dr. Kemps appeared, and I saw by the expression of the latter's face that he had little hopes of Raynford's recovery. He took me with careful nursing he might linger a few days at the most, but that that would be the limit.

For the next few days, neither Osborne nor I left my self, and it was during that time, at periods when he felt himself able to talk, that my poor friend told us the sad story of his most miserable marriage. When first he met Margaret Hopeful she was a lovely widow—showy and handsome, fascinating in a way, when in pleasant humor, and just one of the subtle, dangerous, unprincipled women who have been the curse of many a young man's life. Mrs. May fell desperately in love with Raynaford, and it was not long before she obtained an still influence over him. He got mixed up with a "set" set of men, and was induced to gamble and bet when he had not command of his own to hazard. In a moment of madness one night he was induced to sign his employer's name to a bill for a large amount. It was then that Margaret May's opportunity came. He confessed his crime to her and she told him the manner in which he could get before it came due. He said he never intended to marry her, but he was forced to do so under threats of exposure. It was a sad, miserable story, and I felt sorry and distressed at the weakness Raynaford had displayed.

"Were you married on that night when she came to my uncle's house and asked for her husband?" I asked.

"No, Muriel, not till I went back from staying with you. That night she had seen me from the outside, when the door was opened to the house people out, and she was in a state of jealousy I thought at the time—I know now it must have been drink."

"Did you said she reminded you of some one?" I said.

"I want my brother, me," he replied: "I said so only to throw you off your guard, and to account for my own agitation; say no more about it, let the last hours of my life be undisturbed by the memory of my sin and its curse."

His wish was gratified—we never mentioned his wife to him again.

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"My poor Leah!" whispered the fair haired girl outside, "do you know that I am here, and that I love you?"

The soft clear voice was not unheard, for Leah raised her head for a moment, and sat listening, with the dark cloud of tangled hair thrown back from the low forehead and deeply-shaded eyebrows. The look of attention passed away almost as rapidly as it had come, and in another moment her head was down again on the floor and the softly set lips, that seemed made only to shape love's whispers, murmured stupidly and hungrily, "More, more!"

"I am going now," said the soft voice again, "but I will come and see you very often with the nurse. Do you hear? Do you understand?"

There was nothing but an inarticulate murmur in reply, though she listened in vain, and the fair haired girl rose with a sigh from her knees and passed from the desolate corridor into the more habitable and cheerful part of the house to which the physician and his family lived, having learned from habit to look lightly on the empty human shrines of reason that were sheltered beneath the same roof.

She is so beautiful!" said the girl to herself as she wandered on into the drawing room, "I hope God does not let her know what she is now, or she would die, as I should do."

"My dear Margaret," said her mother, looking up from a small child entirely in lace, "I do hope you have not been among the patients again?"

"I have only been to see poor Leah," said Margaret Fenwick, in the same tone of voice which was one of her greatest charms. "I must do that, you know, if it makes her less unhappy."

"Let the child alone," said Dr. Fenwick "She will do herself no harm, if she does nobody else any good. But you did not work upon Brooker's feelings to give you the key, I hope? Madge? The door was locked, of course?"

"I talked to her through the door, that was all," answered Margaret, simply. "Papa, do you think she will ever be sane enough to go out again? It was only last week she was sitting here with me all and I was teaching her to play the accompaniment to her song."

"I know of no reason why she should not," answered the physician, "but she is suffering from an acute attack of demonomania now. She is very young, and may get completely over it, but then she will be always liable to a relapse. A sudden trouble would do it at any time."

"And she has money too?" sighed Mrs. Fenwick, half enviously, as if it was a sin that so much good money should be wasted.

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It is five years since Margaret Fenwick knelt at the corridor door whispering soft words of love and sympathy to the unhappy girl inside. She is living in London with her mother now for Dr. Fenwick has been dead some time, and Margaret is married and has children of her own. The gentle charm of her loveliness is still in its first flower, and, as she lingers over the letter which is in her hand, the clear light of happiness is irradiating her brow and laughing back from the soft sweet eyes. The words that a man writes to his promised wife could be answered in no more fitting way:

My DEAREST CHILD: I have got all the way home, but I will count the way, daily as calculated here under the paternal roof. I needn't say that one thing is wanting to me, and that, I hope, will soon be supplied, for, of course, you will come. The old lady is and is trembling for fear you should change your mind. My father and mother both want words to express their anxiety to see you, and receive you as a daughter. Write and say we may expect you soon.

We are very quiet here, but there are one or two new people in the village. A Mrs. Percifer has taken the White House, and her daughter is a regular stunner. The old lady is not much, but Sarah Percifer plays and sings divinely, and is unusually good-looking into the bargain. The girls are mad about her. I'm positively in love with Rosamond, and it was not long before she obtained an still influence over me. She got mixed up with a "set" set of men, and was induced to gamble and bet when she had not command of his own to hazard. In a moment of madness one night he was induced to sign his employer's name to a bill for a large amount. It was then that Margaret May's opportunity came. He confessed his crime to her and she told him the manner in which he could get before it came due. He said he never intended to marry her, but he was forced to do so under threats of exposure. It was a sad, miserable story, and I felt sorry and distressed at the weakness Raynaford had displayed.

"Were you married on that night when she came to my uncle's house and asked for her husband?" I asked.

"No, Muriel, not till I went back from staying with you. That night she had seen me from the outside, when the door was opened to the house people out, and she was in a state of jealousy I thought at the time—I know now it must have been drink."

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TO —

The cruel, congenial girl, I long to kneel
Alone to thee, and tell my passion strong.
Since thy dear shade hath haunted me so long.

Impelled by thy bright smile the generous air,
Which nearly making a fellow poor is invisible in vain,
Shall reach the gates of Heaven more pure and fair,
And gladly wait a blessing back again.

Ah! hearing from thy awe-inspiring eyes,
The language of true love and liberal hearts,
On hither wings my wounded fledge flies,
And healing melancholy slow departs.

J. S. T.

YEARS AGO.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE PENN.

I.

"Hel. Phil, Isn't it he?"

"Hot's nothing, old fellow; it's worse than a furnace. I've taken my shoes off four times since I've had the watch, and emptied them over the side. I'm melting away as fast as ever I can. Losing stones in weight. Bother the place! I wish I could get where there was no climate!"

"Brain seems softening, too, Phil," I said; "you'll have to give up the service, and retire on midshipman's half-pay."

"Thanks!" said my messmate; "but not just at present. I hope to see a little of the town first."

These remarks were made years ago, during the reign of his late Majesty King George the Fourth, when our small frigate was just casting anchor, after we had been for months cooped up in the cribbed, confined space, during a long cruise in the hottest of regions, longing heartily for a little change.

And now we were near New Orleans, a city that we midshipmen looked to find quite a region of romance, with just enough of unhealthiness about it to make a visit exciting, without taking into consideration the Dame-de-like life of the inhabitants, who, for their sociality, had the pleasure of knowing that to make a visit before to their house-knives were pointed at them, pistols innumerable taking aim at their vitals, and draughts—cunning philtres of the old fetish propensities—always ready to send them out of the intoxicating precincts; and last, but certainly not least, there was the pleasure of feeling that at any time there might be a rising of the blacks, and all intent upon the massacre of their white masters.

All-spether, New Orleans presented plenty of exciting attractions; but midshipmen are not given to troubling themselves much about the future, and anything in the shape of change would have been matched at by young men who had been for days sailing over the same waste, performing the same duties, eating the same dry biscuits, receiving the same wearying reprimands, and keeping the same watches. Now tossed by some howling tempest, drenched with the spray, and compelled to cling to the rigging or be swept overboard, and anon becalmed upon a glassy ocean, with the ship's hows turning slowly and lazily to all the points of the compass—the pitch the while soaking out of the seams, and the brass railings of the quarter-deck ready to blister the hand that sought its support.

What had once been looked forward to as a change, a row pulled upon a boat, or both declared ourselves sick of the Captain's and gun-room dinners, where the same jokes were to be cracked, the same inferior viands eaten, and the same conversation to reign, wonder, them, that we looked forward to anchoring, and obtaining leave to go on shore with letters of introduction, which we had been fortunate enough to obtain.

But it was not until almost endless vexations, refusals, and excuses on the part of the first lieutenant, that my very particular confidant and companion, Philip Harding by name, had fulfilled his prophesy respecting melting quite away, and myself gained permission to go ashore; and it was not so very long after that we were escaping from the boat, and parting with the various novel characteristics of the town; ready enough, too, should opportunity present itself, to take our share of the pleasures afforded by the Land in the Far West.

We had both the good luck to be armed with letters which gave us the entree to very good society—our ideas upon such matters being somewhat loose, and Phil often spending an evening at a house on the strength of my letters; while, by a compensating arrangement, I as often took advantage of facilities afforded by my friend. But in those days hospitality was rife; and of the letters, however, we may not have complained of the reception we should have received, while, as we were situated, we had more invitations and engagements than we could possibly keep. For my part, I was installed at the house of Mr. de l'Estrange, a rotton broker, with whom my father had business connections; and Harding, by good or bad fortune was located in the same street.

We met on more than one occasion at the dinners and balls that were popular; and on comparing notes, we found, as a matter of course that each had in person or by report, found out no surprising thing, when the climate and the fascinations of the beautiful creole girls are taken into consideration.

For my part, I don't think that I was very seriously in love, though Etta de l'Estrange was certainly attractive enough to turn any young man's brain; but I believe that she had shrewd enough notion of my purse, as I was in my words at their proper currency-rate. The consequence was that we chatted, laughed, danced and sang together, and carried on a most agreeable boy and girl flirtation, without the prospect of serious injury resulting to those vulnerable and brittle chattels, our hearts. In fact, after events proved that the damage was most single, for when a parting fair of vows and promises, I returned in a few years to find the fickle fair one trotting decidedly towards embonpoint, and taking especial delight in the affairs of her nursery, and in bad fashion, which was shortly to result in the production of sweet-tot babe in the world. But I am anticipating the course of events; and, as the sequel will prove, my companion's affairs had a very different termination.

Phil was a particularly handsome fellow, tall, well-proportioned, and possessed of the dark piercing eye, well shaded arched high forehead, and that indescribable something about it particularly to make up the idea of a novel; while, what in my opinion added largely to his good looks, was his utter ignorance or lamentable assumption of ignorance of the power free from affectation it would have been hard to find.

Some men, with such a stock in trade of good looks, would have called in the aid of dress, color and jewelry, with which to attain to the perfection of dandyism; but not so Phil, who, in his neat blue uniform, hurriedly bundled on, was content to go "Master Jacky, with the world at large, in everything save its best.

One night, after we had been ashore about three weeks, I accompanied Phil to a ball given at the house of one of the local grandees—a sugar or cotton grower, I'm sure I forget which; and on our setting out together, I found from two or three hints that were dropped, that for my behavior ascribed such an indulgence, I was to be introduced to the fair innamorata to whose glances my friend had succumbed.

It was the subtract of sultry nights: and upon reaching the house, or rather palace, standing amidst quite a grove of orange trees, we could see, through the open windows, the already well-filled rooms; the same being, to a young and ardent man, fresh from the confinement of shipboard, a vision of enchantment. For the brilliant lights shone out upon the richly-foliaged gardens, where, amidst flowers laden with the most luscious fragrance, the fire-flies were darting to and fro, and playing around in many a swift-winged scintillation. Here and there, too, were groups seeking, beneath the dewy moon, for the coolness denied by the crowded rooms, in spite of jalousie, ice, and plashing fountains.

With so bright a scene before us, we were not long in joining the dancers, and comparing the notes of our impressions concerning the girls in their light drapery, the splendor of the saloons, and lastly the wine—all matters tending to make the evening one of the most delightful that we have ever spent.

I soon lost sight of Phil, and did not see him again for a couple of hours, though I must confess that I had not felt the loss of my friend, nor noticed the rapid flight of time; when just in the midst of the polite speech I was trying to make to my last partner, I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning, saw Phil at my side, with, seen through the colour de rose tinted light that evening, the most lovely girl I ever beheld.

She was—But stay. I am no painter of female beauty; and to be fair, prejudiced as I was on that occasion, I should, by the scene, mine could be no just description.

The customary introduction was gone through, and in the short conversation which ensued, enough was said to display to me the good taste my friend had exercised in his choice.

I had just finished the next dance, in which I had Mademoiselle Levine for a partner, entrusted to me for the time being by Phil, and certainly the most fascinating companion I had encountered that evening, when a tall, dark, sallow man stepped up to us, and without addressing me, roughly took my partner by the hand, saying, "Come, Manette, it is my turn, now."

There was a pained look in the young girl's face, and for a moment she hung back, but recovering herself, with a faint smile, she thanked me, and directly after, I found myself alone in the middle of the room, feeling, for the first time in my stupid—and having, in those days, achieved to the armour which enables a polished man to bear, unmoved, the gaze of some hundred eyes fixed upon his every movement.

But my chagrin was not decreased, when, a minute after, Harding came up, exclaiming, "Why, where is Miss Levine? You have surely never left her?"

"Left her, he hanged!" I said pettishly; "she left me."

"Where?—how?—when?" exclaimed Harding.

"Where?—how?—when?" Why what an impetuous fire-eater you have grown!" I said. "She left me here, in this very spot I am now standing upon, for I have been too much taken aback to move."

"But how was it?" cried Phil.

"Led off by the ugliest, sallow-faced, unhung scoundrel you ever set eyes upon."

"Tall, sallow-faced!" exclaimed Phil.

"The very same; and they went into the refreshment room, just as you came out of the card saloon."

My friend turned pale with anger and jealousy, and without another word, hurried towards the room indicated, and I followed, not liking the appearance of things in general; knowing, too, that I was in a most awkward position amongst whom we were staying, to be alarmed lest any outbreak should take place and thinking that, from my influence with Harding, I should be the arrest mischief, should there be any brewing.

Upon entering the room devoted to refreshments, I could see my late partner seated beside her sallow-faced individual, upon which stood a cup of untasted coffee; while by her side, keeping, as it were, watch and ward, was my unceremonious friend, who had robbed me of so much coolness, and in so cavalier a manner.

As Phil and I neared the table, the lady gave a slight start of pleasure, and, leaving her seat, was about to take Harding's arm; but she was prevented by her sallow companion, who leaped up, and, overstating the table, caught her rudely by the shoulder, saying, "No, there has been enough of this fooling for one night. You can stay with me now," and he accompanied his speech with a scowl of hatred at Harding.

I could see the blood tingling in Philip's cheeks, as I saw a sudden effort he considered the passion that was rising within him. But, with out appearing to notice the insulting look, he again offered his arm to the lady, saying, "I believe, Miss Levine, that you are the entrusted you to my care for this evening?"

"Oh, yes," she replied hastily, and with trembling voice. "Indeed, it is not my fault."

What more she would have said was stayed by her companion, who stooped down, hissed something in her ear, and then proceeded to unbend drag her away.

This was too much for Harding, who, retaining my late partner's hand, by a well-directed push sent his rival sprawling over the prostrate form of the girl, who tried to hurry the frightened girl from the room, while I endeavored to cover his retreat.

It was well I did so, for, with a howl of execration, the fallen man sprang up, and dashed towards Harding.

For a moment, I did not perceive what he grasped in his hand; but the next instant I saw that it was something glittering, when a cold shudder ran through me to dart through my frame, and to paralyse my every movement.

The saloon was in a moment in a wild state of confusion; women screamed, and the men seized on the nearest, but too late to prevent the catastrophe that ensued.

Recovering myself somewhat, I cried out to Harding to be upon his guard; and, darting forward, caught at the arm of the man as he came up, when he struck me a sharp blow upon the shoulder with his right hand, and for the moment, I felt so numbed and helpless, that I sound me fold, and leaned heavily back.

The next spring he made was at Harding, and a sickly feeling came over me as I now plainly made out that he held a long knife gleaming in his hand.

Then there was a momentary struggle—a white form glided before my friend—and then, as a wild shriek, taken up by more than one female voice, rang through the saloon, the crowd closed round the tragical scene in the centre, and the combatants seemed to be separated.

II.

The blow given by my assailant seemed to have stupefied me to some extent. I felt confused and strange, as if some nerve had been severed, which had given a shock to my system but, recovering myself, I saw the sallow man, whom I now hear spoken of as Canville, led away by several gentlemen, and Harding the centre of a group, who were up Master Jacky, who hung, faint and bleeding upon his arm.

Poor girl! To save Harding, she had thrown herself directly in the way of the blow directed at him, and received it upon her chest, which she displayed a dreadful gash, whose bleeding every effort of my old friend seemed vain to staunch.

But medical assistance was at hand; and after the wound had been performed his part, the light form was borne, amidst the sympathizing exclamations of the lookers-on, to a carriage waiting at the door.

Phil helped to carry her, and, in a dream fashion, looked on, until we were somewhat unmanfully dismissed by the doctor, who leaped in, and the carriage was driven off, when we turned to walk together to the town.

Before we had gone far, Phil laid his hand upon my shoulder, causing me to flinch with pain, as he said, somewhat sadly, "You must be thinking with curiosity, old fellow, to know the end of this genuine romance of real life—for it is almost like a scene from a melodrama. But, hallo!" he cried, "what's this? And he held up his hand, which, as well as his wristband, was smeared with blood, just visible by the light of a carriage lamp which passed. "Blood!—none hurt! Why, one of us must have had a scratch from that fellow's knife?"

"I suppose I was the lucky one," I said lastly, for the ground seemed to be moving beneath my feet, and a strange feeling of sickness coming on, when, giving a lurch and a stagger, I should have fallen had not Phil caught me in his arms, after which, all seemed to fade away into nothingness.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself upon a table in a drinking saloon, close by where I had been stricken down, and soon after I removed to the house where Harding was staying, the ship's surgeon came to my aid, and tightly bandaged my shoulder, which, upon raising myself, I found had received more than a severe flesh cut, but, luckily, loss of blood would probably be the extent of my suffering.

"Yo'nse," said the surgeon, pleasantly, "the blade glanced from the bone, or else arm would have been transfixed, and the point of the knife might have penetrated to the lungs; in which case internal hemorrhage would probably have taken place."

"There, for goodness sake, hold your tongue, Mr. Edgley; the poor fellow is white enough already! Don't worry him with what might have happened, when he has escaped!" said Phil.

"But you must keep perfectly still," said the surgeon, "or I shall not hold myself answerable for consequences;" and he looked fiercely on Harding, as much as to say, "Now, call that worrying, sir, if you dare?"

Promises were made, such as would most probably soon be forgotten, and soon after the surgeon left me to take a little rest; when, as I closed my eyes, the whole of the past night, from the first moment of my meeting with Harding—a meeting which, in fact, had taken place on board the ship—down to the present moment, passed before me in a confused panorama.

But my chagrin was not decreased, when, a minute after, Harding came up, exclaiming, "Why, where is Miss Levine? You have surely never left her?"

"Left her, he hanged!" I said pettishly; "she left me."

"Where?—how?—when?" exclaimed Harding.

"Where?—how?—when?" exclaimed Harding.

"Where?—how?—when?" Why what an impetuous fire-eater you have grown!" I said. "She left me here, in this very spot I am now standing upon, for I have been too much taken aback to move."

"But how was it?" cried Phil.

"Led off by the ugliest, sallow-faced, unhung scoundrel you ever set eyes upon."

"Tall, sallow-faced!" exclaimed Phil.

"The very same; and they went into the refreshment room, just as you came out of the card saloon."

My friend turned pale with anger and jealousy, and without another word, hurried towards the room indicated, and I followed, not liking the appearance of things in general; knowing, too, that I was in a most awkward position amongst whom we were staying, to be alarmed lest any outbreak should take place and thinking that, from my influence with Harding, I should be the arrest mischief, should there be any brewing.

Upon entering the room devoted to refreshments, I could see my late partner seated beside her sallow-faced individual, upon which stood a cup of untasted coffee; while by her side, keeping, as it were, watch and ward, was my unceremonious friend, who had robbed me of so much coolness, and in so cavalier a manner.

As Phil and I neared the table, the lady gave a slight start of pleasure, and, leaving her seat, was about to take Harding's arm; but she was prevented by her sallow companion, who leaped up, and, overstating the table, caught her rudely by the shoulder, saying, "No, there has been enough of this fooling for one night. You can stay with me now," and he accompanied his speech with a scowl of hatred at Harding.

I could see the blood tingling in Philip's cheeks, as I saw a sudden effort he considered the passion that was rising within him. But, without appearing to notice the insulting look, he again offered his arm to the lady, saying, "I believe, Miss Levine, that you are the entrusted you to my care for this evening?"

"Oh, yes," she replied hastily, and with trembling voice. "Indeed, it is not my fault."

What more she would have said was stayed by her companion, who stooped down, hissed something in her ear, and then proceeded to unbend drag her away.

This was too much for Harding, who, retaining my late partner's hand, by a well-directed push sent his rival sprawling over the prostrate form of the girl, who tried to hurry the frightened girl from the room, while I endeavored to cover his retreat.

It was well I did so, for, with a howl of execration, the fallen man sprang up, and dashed towards Harding.

For a moment, I did not perceive what he grasped in his hand; but the next instant I saw that it was something glittering, when a cold shudder ran through me to dart through my frame, and to paralyse my every movement.

The saloon was in a moment in a wild state of confusion; women screamed, and the men seized on the nearest, but too late to prevent the catastrophe that ensued.

Recovering myself somewhat, I cried out to Harding to be upon his guard; and, darting forward, caught at the arm of the man as he came up, when he struck me a sharp blow upon the shoulder with his right hand, and for the moment, I felt so numbed and helpless, that I sound me fold, and leaned heavily back.

The next spring he made was at Harding, and a sickly feeling came over me as I now plainly made out that he held a long knife gleaming in his hand.

Then there was a momentary struggle—a white form glided before my friend—and then, as a wild shriek, taken up by more than one female voice, rang through the saloon, the crowd closed round the tragical scene in the centre, and the combatants seemed to be separated.

II.

The blow given by my assailant seemed to have stupefied me to some extent. I felt confused and strange, as if some nerve had been severed, which had given a shock to my system but, recovering myself, I saw the sallow man, whom I now hear spoken of as Canville, led away by several gentlemen, and Harding the centre of a group, who were up Master Jacky, who hung, faint and bleeding upon his arm.

Poor girl! To save Harding, she had thrown herself directly in the way of the blow directed at him, and received it upon her chest, which she displayed a dreadful gash, whose bleeding every effort of my old friend seemed vain to staunch.

But medical assistance was at hand; and after the wound had been performed his part, the light form was borne, amidst the sympathizing exclamations of the lookers-on, to a carriage waiting at the door.

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On my part, I had determined to be present at the meeting, and, to prevent opposition to my wishes, I said nothing respecting my intentions. Harding, on the contrary, hesitated had been to see it, and left orders that as soon as I was sufficiently recovered, we were both to return on board; but we gave him to understand that I should be on deck in a couple of hours from days farther. And, indeed, but for the intense interest I took in the proceedings afoot, I should have kept my bed, so fevered and ill did I feel.

My task was to go quietly with Harding—acting in fact for granted that I was to be of the party. Captain Merret was to call us in the morning, and a signal had been arranged by which we could announce at any hour.

Harding had not lain down many minutes before he was fast asleep—sleeping with a tranquility that would hardly have fallen to any one to suppose that it might possibly be his last sleep on earth, and that for certain he would stand face to face with death at the rising of the morrow's sun. I could not help feeling for him something akin to admiration, as he lay there, and thinking to myself that, after all, perhaps, England's sons did deserve some of the praise so often given to them by the writers of our land.

As for myself, the rest I had taken during the day, the pain of my wound, and the feverish thirst which troubled me, quite precluded the idea of sleep, and I lay watching for hour after hour, the light which had streamed in at the day and night, and wishing that we were both safe on board again; anything being preferable to such liberty as this.

I shout half past three I called Harding, when he started up, wakeful and alert, in a moment, crying, "I've been dreaming that I was going to fight; and, by George!" he cried, looking himself lightly, "and I am!" when the recollection of the morning duties seemed to come over him like a cloud.

But he was himself again in a minute, and appeared quite equal to the emergency. He walked to the window and stood thinking for a few minutes, after which he returned to where I was sitting.

"You will be on hand in being prepared for the worst, Fred," he said; so, if anything should happen, see Manette, and ask her not to blame me, telling her how I was placed in the affair. As to the girl, country, and those there, you will understand, and can tell what I should wish to have said."

"There, there!" I said; don't talk after that fashion; shots don't always end in deaths, old fellow. Why we shall be back, man, enjoying a good breakfast; for Canville will apologize, be kicked, and then bolt, leaving the land free to the lover of the fair Manette."

He smiled, and then I poured some wine from a decanter, and he had raised it to his lips just as the pre-arranged signal was heard beneath; when, setting down the glass, and saying a few words to me upon looking round once more, I found that the sun's rays were streaming through the green jalousies, and that it was alone.

I rose from the bed, feeling weak, parched with thirst, and with considerable pain in my shoulder; when, finishing my dressing as well as my wounded arm would allow, I sat down by the window to look out upon the quay; but my head soon dropped, and I slept again.

Once more opening my eyes, I found Harding by my side.

"She's very bad!" he said, hurriedly. "The old black servant, her nurse, is terrible enraged with Canville, and says that she is quite delirious; but the doctor tells me that, from what he figured, she is in no danger. But this is not the worst of it: that scoundrel of a cousin has sent me a challenge, and I have accepted it."

"What! a duel?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said gravely. "a duel! Of course I don't like it, and feel a bit cowardly," he continued, with a half-laugh; "but, as an English officer and a gentleman, I felt compelled to have it out with him if I had not, it would have been like bringing dishonor upon the flag, while, now that I have, I suppose, if it gets wind on board, the skipper will try all he knows to put a stop to it. But we must see that it quiet, for really I can't help feeling towards the fellow as if he were some wild beast, after the injury he has done that poor girl, even though it was not intentional. I don't want to shoot him, and have his blood upon my conscience all my life, besides shutting myself out from ever seeing Manette again. But it so me that if I don't shoot him, he will me, and I need hardly say that such a proceeding does not at all suit my views. Ah, well!" he sighed; "I cannot alter it, as they say here. To-morrow morning will decide; and now, who is to be my second?"

"Why, if it must come to that, I will," I said.

"What, with that damaged fin?" exclaimed Phil laughing. "No, my boy, that won't do; while, if we venture our confidence on board the frigate, we may depend upon the re-soon being a cessation of hostilities, and Canville on board, and then good-bye to all further liberty."

"But then there would be no further duel," said.

"While I should be stigmatized before Manette as a coward and a cur," said Harding.

"But life is life, I ventured to observe.

"I don't know, my dear boy, but I would be, without Manette," he said. "And, besides, I know what would follow. I should be sneaking away, so as to leave the coast clear for that ill-fated scoundrel to

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 23, 1877

THE LITERARY STATUS OF DR. HOLMES.

Of all the bright names that adorn the banner of our American literature none is brighter than that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Truly it may be said that in the course of his extended career, stretching over many long years, Dr. Holmes has tried his hand in almost every department of writing, and touched nothing that he has not ornamented. From his college days, when, as a green youth, he was noted for his felicitous humor, which bubbled over in comic poems of more than passing merit, to the present hour, when, in the maturity of his genius, he stands before the world as one of the finest writers of his time, he has been a marked man, and everything he has done has excited more than ordinary attention. Even at this late day it is next to impossible to classify his talents, and say conclusively in which department of literature he is at his best. His comic poems are unsurpassed for broad humor and keen wit; his serious or sentimental verses have a depth of feeling and true pathos that can not be rivaled; his novels are as excellent as any this country has ever produced; and his charming essays and philosophical table-talk do not in any degree pale their fires when compared with the efforts of a Macaulay or a Coleridge.

Besides his literary works, Dr. Holmes has labored with distinction as a physician and a college professor, but on the productions of his gifted pen alone his fame will rest, for all he wrote is indelibly stamped on the minds of the world of readers, and is as fresh and fascinating to-day—and will be in the future—as when newly sprung from his teeming brain. Dr. Holmes is also a man of the most advanced type, and his learning, though it does not show itself in the pedantic fashion that Bulwer's did, is prominent in all he ever wrote. In his earlier days, Dr. Holmes' writings lacked in some degree that artistic polish which afterwards distinguished them, but even at that period they were graceful and flowing in style. His humor, too, has broadened with the advancing years, until now it is of that deeply meditative type that is perfectly irresistible. "The Height of the Ridiculous" and "The Ballad of the Oysterman" illustrate his callow efforts, and "The One-Hoss Shay" and "The Boys" his more finished works in the comic line. His earlier serious poems were pretty, but they had not that full beauty and strength which distinguish those that he has given us within the past fifteen years. Perhaps, Dr. Holmes attained his greatest popularity when he published "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," a work that has not yet met with its parallel in philosophy, sound common sense, humor and sentiment. He did not succeed so well with "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," for, though that work was good, it lacked the zest of its famous predecessor. In "The Guardian Angel," Holmes showed that he could write a highly interesting novel, and those who read it will do so with exceeding relish, though perhaps his brother literateurs will hardly forgive him for his satire on incipient poets in the character of that aspiring individual, Gifted Hopkins. The essays that Dr. Holmes has written will hold a high place in our literature for their lucid style and profundity of thought, as well as for their logical completeness.

In short, as we have said, Dr. Holmes is one of the finest writers of his time, and this, too, in all the various lines he has attempted. He writes with a firm hand and a clear brain, and his diction almost approaches that of the smooth and charming college style. Latterly, for what reason we know not, his contributions to the literature of the period have been comparatively few, but such as have been, from time to time, appeared, have shown conclusively that his ancient powers have by no means failed him, and the almost universal wish of all Americans is that he would write more. Dr. Holmes, however, can afford to rest his case on what he has already produced, for if he has not given us quantity he has certainly given us quality, which is undoubtedly better. His fame as a writer is secure, and his laurel crown will be an unfading one. When Fitz-Greene Halleck, that other eminent New England poet, wrote of Marco Bozzaris he surely as true of Dr. Holmes, for in verity his is

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die!"

THE ARTIST.

The world artist has a strange significance with some people. They imagine an artist "an unkempt, unshaven and unshorn" individual, who never pays his debts, wears his hair long, affects an eccentric style of garb, and does everything in a bizarre and unusual manner. This is an exceedingly grotesque a caricature upon the genius "artist," that we beg to call the attention of our readers to the fact that it is only in rare cases that a true artist meets the above description.

True and false artists are to be confounded by the people at large. The true artist, a man of culture, intellect and dignity, is placed upon the same par with the Bohemian, the seedy, devil-may-care idler, the lounger, the long-haired, eccentrically attired, whiskey imbibing genius, who sleeps in a garret, who never pays his bills or washes himself, who sponges on humanity and is an esthetic tramp par excellence.

This is the false view of society which makes the artist a scamp. Next there is the false view, derived from novels, which makes him an utter imbecile. This is the lackadaisical, sentimental, maiden-adoring fellow who figures in moral romances, knows little utter ignorance of the best literary men with respect to what the creature called artist really and truly is, how he manages to live and what he aims at.

Few writers of fiction have depicted the artist as he should be. The romancer writes him down an ass. Bulwer makes him a licentious, prodigal fellow, full of talent, but never studious. Hawthorne calls a photographer an artist in his "House of the Seven Gables." However, this is still a common notion. Thackeray is the only true exponent of the artist and his life, and he shows with rare critical ability the distinction between the true and false artist. Thackeray writes from experience. His ornamental tribe are the principal European schools, and was a far better art critic than a critic of books. Robert Browning, among poets, delineates the true artist. Generally speaking, the idea of the man, obtained from books, is very wretched indeed, and tends to degrade the position of the artist. The great artist is as void of littleness as his works. He has no time to waste. He is clear-headed, temperate; and his life is a continued period of study. He is often retiring and dreamy, like Longfellow, Fontany, Delacroix, and many of the American school.

The truth is the artist lives in his work. Patient labor is his life. He is compelled by the necessity of his work to be physically and mentally a perfect man. Inebriation would cloud his brain and destroy his ambition. There have been and are artists who lead and have led dissolute lives, and the traces of their unsteady hands and tempers are apparent in their works. The truly great man is endowed with the true nobility and the God-like desire not to debase himself. He has self-respect, and this the true artist has, in spite of romances and false ideas of society.

POLITENESS RELISHLY CONSID ERED.

Did the reader ever reflect that politeness is one of the best paying investments that can be made, and that to be uncivil is to enter into a business transaction that is sure to be a losing one in the end? If not, the sooner the reflection is made the better. There is an ancient maxim, fraught with the choicest wisdom of our ancestors, that "It is better to have the good will of a dog than its ill will," and this aphorism holds equally good when applied to human beings, for there never was a man who, at some period or other of his life, did not have to be beholden for favors to those who were his inferiors, or he has utterly despised in the past, and just at this point the aforesaid good will comes in very nicely.

Man is progressive, and even the most despicable may take a sudden and altogether unexpected start, and mount up the ladder of fortune to its topmost round. People who have been despicable know it is as well as anybody else, and remember keenly all impoliteness shown to them in the days when they were in the depths of degradation. They will have nothing for those who have not been uniformly civil to them, even in their darkest days, but they will cheerfully aid all who smiled upon them when they were despicable. Beneath a smooth, safe and polite, for it may be money out of a man's pocket, and money out of a man's pocket is not a pleasant thing to ponder over. It costs nothing to smile on everybody. If you despise a man, despise him, but smile on him nevertheless, and do not let him see you disdain.

If it pays to be polite to those you know, it pays equally well to be polite to strangers. You may suspect them, but still be polite, and, even if you have good reason for your suspicions, you can unveil them with studied words, for there is ever a chance that you may be wrong. If you catch a rogue in flagrante delicto it is another matter, and then you may safely cast aside politeness, for, as a general rule, be polite, if only as a speculation. Remember that suavity and careful deportment do no harm in any event, and that their absence may, in the end, work troublesome, perhaps disastrous, results.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

ALL over the country attention is being directed to the state of the hospitals for the indigent sick, their bareness and unattractiveness. It is urged that the interior of those hospitals, the rooms occupied by the invalids should be made more cheerful and bright with flowers and pictures. In this city and some others, the ladies of the Flower Mission furnish the hospitals with bouquets, and the patients with delicacies they could not otherwise obtain, but still the interior of hospitals, even where these kindly ladies penetrate, is not what it should be in order to promote speedy cures. On this subject of beautifying hospitals, the Chicago Inter-Ocean recently said editorially: "Men and women are not sent to the hospitals that they may be cured, and the question is how this can be done most advantageously. Granted that all the physician can do has been done, what more is needed? Just what may be the supply in the sick rooms of our own homes—pleasant associations and pleasant surroundings. The mind must be looked after in sickness as well as the body, and only those who have passed through the long weariness of protracted sickness can understand how helpful are pleasant objects—like pictures, birds, and flowers. A careful nursing of an invalid often accomplishes what medicine fails to do, as a cheerful state of mind induced by pleasant surroundings often contributes as much to complete restoration to health as the physician's attentions. Experience in our army hospitals during the war demonstrated that despondency killed as many cases as disease. The dreary loneliness of hospital life was as discouraging as the misery incident to sickness and wounds, and many a brave fellow who had courage to face the enemy's fire went down under the dull dreariness of his surroundings. The surgeon healed his wound, but he could not make head way against despondency. As it was in army hospitals so is it in any hospital. And in contributing to the restoration of invalids to health, or, if not that, in contributing to their comfort, all the people can join. And certainly they will do this when they realize the need there is for this practical expression of sympathy and of willingness to be helpful. Nothing is more welcome to escape from their own dark thoughts, many inmates of hospitals have spent hours in watching the capers of mice or the work of spiders. The more fortunate invalids in the pleasant homes of the city have found comfort and inspiration in some picture that had received only a passing notice in the long years of health. Many people have learned to love particular flowers, that came to satisfy some inexpressible longing, and many have found comfort and affection in a canary bird that became the steady companion and restless entertainer during a long interval of depressing sickness. We know how much flowers, pictures, and ornamental trifles contribute to the pleasure and comfort of invalids in the homes of sympathetic people, and of how much they help them toward health. How much more they will help those who are fated to be sick in hospitals need not be said. People who have been sick or who have had sickness in their families must realize this without a word of argument. And realizing it, they should be leaders in an organized movement to meet the requirements of the case. The question is not one of expense. It is one of utility and duty in which practical common sense action is clothed in the imagery of sentiment."

BULWER, the great English novelist, was a firm believer in outside show, and everything he did was with a view of attracting as much public attention as possible. He drew what he conceived to be his own portrait in the heroes of all his novels, and his idea of himself was that he was the legitimate and only successor of the "Admirable Crichton." He was a thoroughly satin character, but then it was the finest satin. He had a fine, energetic, inquisitive, romantic mind, stored with all varieties of curious knowledge, which he never wearied of displaying. Bulwer was jealous of men of fine presence. He was uneasy at the personal advantages of D'Orsay, who was living, and he valued Voltaire, who was dead, as much as being a tall man as on his satires and essays.

A CONTEMPORARY recently rushed into print with the following vivid account of an assault on a cigar-shop pompey: "The uses of the wild Indian who holds high revel in front of the colored cigar-shops have been manifold. Befuddled bummers wandering home in the late hours of the night have paused to contest with him the supremacy of the war-path, and marveled greatly at the satirical fate which the red man took for his punishment. Belated husbands, hastening from the Club, have pathetically implored him to take a drink of fire-water, just for the sake of old recollections of Uncas and Chingachgook. Lesfandis of dime novels, or the less refusal of dime novels, or the tales of the Custer massacre, have whetted sanguinary pen-knives, and poised imaginary tomahawks, to penetrate his abdominal region or open wide his red head brain. But the most sanguinary, the most romantic attack upon this unoffending member of the Lo tribe occurred in New York city a few days since, when a mad bull broke loose from a herd, on Twenty-third street, and went about in search of a victim. After demolishing a telegraph pole, and upsetting one woman and three babies, his furious eye caught sight of a warrior standing in all his panoply before a tobacco shop. Recognizing, doubtless, his hereditary enemy, he lowered his head, and went at him with the rush of a hurricane. There was no answering war-cry, no mighty death chant—silent and unsung—as is the typical fate of the race, the noble red man abided the shock. Over and over he went, and still the maddened bull pursued him, relentlessly goring his prostrate body with cruel horns, until checked in his mad career by a happy rifle shot. But the rescue was too late—the unhappy Indian was picked up lifeless, never once breathing after the first onset. The case is recommended to the attention of the Quaker Department of the City Hall, as one of unprovoked and cruel attack on an unoffending savage."

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, "Doctor Papa," by Sophie May. This is one of the "Flaxie Frizzle Stories," and is neatly illustrated with a number of finely executed engravings. Sophie May has written many delightful tales for the little folks, and "Doctor Papa" is one of the prettiest and most interesting of the series. The majority, however, of the contents of the book are new, but everything in it is interesting, and will keep reading it over, and over, at all times. The stories and sketches illustrate the peculiarities of the children of California, Arizona and New Mexico, and will be recognized by all who have visited these localities as faithful pictures of the people and scenes to be found there. Of the tales in the book we would point out as especially worthy of perusal, "Betty's Heroism," and "Lone Linden." The work is neatly printed on good paper, the type being large and clear, and the whole book contains 256 pages, 12 mo. size. It is tastefully bound in cloth. Price $1.25.

Messrs. R. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have published "What Tommy Did," by Emily Huntington Miller. This story, which will interest all who like books on the order of "Helen's Babies," is elegantly illustrated and finely printed. It sets forth in a highly attractive manner the acts, angelic and otherwise, of its hero, a small boy, cast in a very human mould.

"What Tommy Did" is a book that young and old will relish alike, and all should read it. It is gotten up in paper cover, 174 pages, and sells for fifty cents a copy.

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That Dead Letter.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

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THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

Let others sing in the melting way
Of beauty's power and passion,
I sing of the love that lasts for aye
And never is touched by time,
For a holiday love is a shallow brim,
That bows into the tempest's fury;
But to sing of a love supreme, true care can dim
The love that will last for aye.

The red rose pales and hemlock whistles the storm
That tears its petals away,
But never believe so cozy and warm,
Her cottage—not so the rose.
Apart can be the cold heartbreaks
As gloamed by the ashes of fire,
While lovers have power soft eyes shone
With the love that will last for aye.

Heaped to the windows the snow is drawn,
And on with the sleigh of life,
Gaily and bright and lane and lawn,
Are buried in shining drifts.
But the storm may scatter and pile the snow,
We bid it the light of day;
It never can darken the eyes that glow
With the love that will last for aye.

By the turnpike belting the mountain's bare,
Also set blocked up with snow,
The stage-coach lumbering on its way, I trace,
With lumbering course, and slow;
And I wonder, now, if the passengers,
Shawled and muffled in every way,
Can picture our sorrow, our care can dim
The love that will last for aye.

Snow bound are we by the wintry storm;
From the great world forced apart;
But here's room for courage, so cozy and warm,
What a world of love in a heart!
The outer cares, like its corner covers,
And we brag the heartlessness sky;
Barred by the joy that lives in our eyes
Is the love that will last for aye!

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Winnie's Vow," "Wrung from the Enemy," "Husband of Which," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Ma, ma! Ma, ma!" cried Iola, knocking at the closed door, from which she was now confident she had frequently heard the most heartrending groans issuing. "Oh, mother, speak to me, I have come to live and die with you."

There was a low agonizing cry from the inside, and feeble hands were heard as though feeling uselessly against the heavy mahogany door.

"Oh, Iola, my darling child!" responded a voice, seemingly at a distance. "My little angel, you have now ascended to those hard terms, and will release me at last."

"Let me get to her!" said Iola, turning on the bandit, like a young tigress, "let me get to her, if you have not had the very walls of this den of outlaws fall on us, and crush us into the earth."

"Remember then," said Whitfield, as he took a key from his pocket, and put it slowly in the lock, "Remember the conditions upon which you are to see her. You are to spend to-day with her, and this evening, when I return, she is to give you to me again, and this time it must be in safety and peace."

She did not heed him, but stood trembling like an open leaf, watching his large, hirsute hands with eager impatience, as he turned the key, and slowly pushed back the heavy door. He had delayed, with the expectation of seeing her grow calm, but the door had hardly yielded a few inches, when she pushed past him, with almost superhuman force, and, forcing it you father, sprang over the threshold.

As she did so, she uttered a loud, terrified cry that rang with fearful distinctness from parrot to basement, and progress was impeded by a grating of iron bars, running perpendicularly to the ceiling at intervals of about three inches. And beyond those bars she saw a woman standing in the middle of the floor, with arms uplifted to heaven, and long hair, prematurely gray, falling as that of a maniac might have done, in a disheveled mass about her shoulders. The large dark eyes burned in the wan face like two balls of fire, while the tall figure seemed to be wasted almost to a skeleton.

"Mother! Oh, Mother! can this be you?" The girl sprang forward with a look of agonized dismay. "Oh, my God! that another woman could live in this house and know that there were tortured human beings inside and sing, and dare to be contented! I will kill you, dear mother, and have them punished, if there is any law in the land."

"Hush!" answered the woman in a frightened tone. "Do not talk of law, or they may punish us both even with death. I am ready to die now that I have seen your face once more."

She tottered forward until she stood quite close to the spot where Iola had halted in the bitterness of her grief and terror, to seize the iron bars and shake them with all her strength, and threating her long hair sprang from the grating, she rested her hand with an entreating caress upon Iola's hand.

"My ch ild! My darling!" she whispered. "Let us spend this horrible place, and the remainder of my life shall be object slavery to you, if you wish."

"What must a mother have not suffered when she can say this to her child?" cried Iola, wringing her hands. "It is enough to turn me gray. Let me get to her!" she exclaimed, suddenly turning upon Bill, and stamping her little foot on the floor, "let me get to her and hold her in my arms, or I shall go mad. How dare you be so cruel?"

"Ask her if I'm not kind to her," said Bill, with the same hoarse, stupid look.

"Yes, yes, dear," answered Mrs. Dare, in 'a frightened tone. "He is always kind to me—always."

"Curses, I told you so," continued Whitfield with a grunt. "She should live in a separate house with us, and be free to go where she pleased. To-morrow she may be at liberty, if you are willing to remain with me while you are with her to-day that resistance cannot save you, but it may still doom her. I am compelled to go on a journey to-day, but I shall be back at seven o'clock to-night, and will expect you to be ready. Yes," he continued to Iola, "will be let out if you wish, when dinner is ready."

He took out another smaller key and unbolted a gate in the iron wall, holding it open with his own hands wide enough for the girl to go in. Then he saw her rush through with a wild cry, and clasp her mother in her arms, and the two were standing in violent agony upon each other's bosom.

The scene had affected even the desperate outlaw, and he was moved for the moment as he had never been before. There were some faint compunctions of conscience stirring at his heart, which he could not understand. His hands were trembling so perceptibly for some moments that he could not fit the key to the lock from the door, until he had grown angry and kicked it with his foot. Then, as though fearing to trust himself farther, he turned abruptly away, with a scowl upon his brow and closing and locking the outer door also behind him, his heavy step might have been heard descending the stairway with rapid strides.

Might have been, we say; for the ears of mother and daughter were closed to every sound save the beating of their own hearts, as they stood rocking to and fro, clasped in each other's embrace. For some moments emotion was too deep for utterance, and neither could speak. The older sufferer was the first to arouse herself.

"My daughter," she said with affected cheerfulness, "why do you weep now? My suffering is all in the past, and we can soon forget that, you know. Just to think of it. Only to-day to be here, and then I shall be free. The hours will pass away like a dream."

"But suppose they will not release you," cried Iola despairingly; "I also am a prisoner. Suppose they should entomb us forever in this lonely place, or should even separate us, and leave you here? The picture of this gloomy prison will haunt me to my dying day!"

"But did you not hear him say we can get out?" exclaimed the white-haired, wild-eyed woman excitedly. "He will come for us this evening as he said. He thinks too much of my pretty daughter and her fortune."

"Mother!"

Iola had grown alarmed; believing that her mother had indeed lost her mind.

"It is indeed true," whined the pitiful prisoner. "William is very good to me, my dear, and he loves you."

"Mother!" cried Iola again, "can the villain who has persecuted you thus, who has captured me and dragged me here, be capable of loving anything except himself? He would have murdered his own mother for money, and he would sacrifice us both as remorselessly as he would shoot down a wolf in the woods out there. Oh, if I despised him before, he fills me with loathing and disgust that you can't understand."

"Hush," whispered her mother, looking anxiously around. "Hush, or he will hear you."

"Arouse yourself, dear mother," said Iola, with increasing alarm. "The wretch has left us alone."

"My child, you will break my heart," said the lonely woman with a wonder look. "Believe me he will not and hold us prisoners."

"But he is gone, mother," said Iola, "and I shall get you away from here in spite of him."

"There is but one way of doing that, my poor child," replied her mother, with a shiver.

"And that?"

The trembling, white-haired woman looked at her with a searching expression, and then nervously averted her head.

"Have you seen Malvern Cushing?" she asked, still in a whisper.

"You."

"How did he strike you?"

"As cold, crafty and cruel to the last degree, where he hates," said Iola, with the old thoughtful frown.

"He is more than that!" cried her mother, springing up with a sudden energy that terrified Iola, and clenching her long fists. "He is the devil!"

"Has he been so unkind to you?" asked Iola, with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Unkind!" replied the desolate woman, with vehemence, "Unkind! Oh, heaven! that my own daughter—my only child—can look upon me thus, and call the monster simply 'unkind,' who has broken my heart, and immured me for years in this living grave. He has rendered my whole life an utter curse, and cruel as

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

[illegible]

WHO IS SHE?

BY HILDA.

"I wonder who she is? It's very strange! No one seems to know anything about her. She has been here nearly a month and has not been in the parlor once since she came. Mrs. Andrews says that she came in answer to her advertisement, of a room to let, suitable for a respectable single lady, and when she saw the room she said it was just what she wanted, and engaged it; and that is all I know about it, so far."

The above remarks emanated from a group of females seated around the heater (which emitted about as much warmth as did their charitable feelings) in the parlor, of what came under the head of "Select boarding house for highly respectable single ladies, and married couples; those without children preferred."

"Miss Steel," said one of the highly respectable single ladies, "I think you are the very person to make her acquaintance and find out all about her. I am sure you managed that affair of Mrs. Blake's, and succeeded in having her expelled from the house in a very short time."

Then they all laughed. Miss Steel shrugged her shoulders and looked affable. She was an angular female, and affected excessive timidity and injured innocence. She had been many times engaged, but had never succeeded in finding a man in whose keeping she was willing to entrust her many virtues, to say nothing of her many charms, which consisted of: A sallow complexion, green-gray eyes, and a figure so slight that it looked as if it had been laid away, like apples in the attic, undergoing the drying process, and a vicious smile.

"Now, do, Miss Steel, try your best and find out all about her, that's a dear."

Having thus been appealed to by the entire circle, of which she was the magnet, and feeling it a duty incumbent upon her to support her dignity on so important an occasion, she said:

"I have done so, and for the life of me I can't find out anything about her or her affairs. But, oh! there's the postman."

Then there was a terrific rush for the door leading to the hall, by both married and single. Not that there was the slightest cause for such haste, for the husbands of the married parties were at home, and the single ladies, much to their regret, had no lovers.

"A letter for Mrs. Bronson," said Mrs. Andrews.

"Well I declare; that's two for her to-day, and we have been here for months, and have not had as many," said a mildewed, stout female, who had been twenty years a widow, and never had a second offer. "She [illegible] every day. I know what I [illegible] think of her, and that is the less [illegible] her the better."

[illegible]

While they were arranging their plan of action the expression depicted on their faces was terrible to behold, and they all thanked Heaven they were not like her.

"Next Thursday, did you say, Miss Steel?" asked she of the ruddy complexion.

"Next Thursday," said Miss Steel, and she looked the personification of dignity ossified.

"Dear me," said the musty Venus in a green robe; "and that is the very day we were to go shopping; but we won't go; oh! dear me." (With them, shopping meant five cents worth of caramels and a crochet needle.)

Mrs. Andrews was informed, by those "highly respectable" females, that the removal of Mrs. Bronson was positively necessary for the preservation of the moral character of her house, but not until after Thursday, when no doubt she would be convinced that the lady had not, by them, been misrepresented. Mrs. Andrews said she "would most assuredly notify her."

On Thursday, as Mrs. Bronson was leaving the dinner table, she said, "Mrs Andrews, I am expecting a gentleman this afternoon; he will remain to tea." This was said in her usual quiet and dignified manner. She was a lady of refinement and education.

Here the class gazed at her in a manner quite their own, and when she was quite out of sight, said, "Well, did you ever hear such impudence?" And they all looked as if a blow had been aimed at their moral status.

On the day in question, the table was set with more than usual care, and the female galaxy were wonderfully and fearfully gotten up. It was impossible to predict which of them would elicit the greatest amount of admiration from the visitor unknown.

Miss Steel asked that her plate might be set directly opposite that of Mrs. Bronson and her friend (sneeringly). Here, they all gave a giggle.

They were seated in gorgeous array, and as straight as pins in papers, as Mrs. Bronson entered the room leaning on the arm of a young man, who had been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness, to so much feminine loveliness, and very proud she looked, as she said, "Mrs. Andrews, allow me to introduce my son, Dr. Bronson."

In the most confused manner Mrs. Andrews said, "I am delighted to meet you, Doctor, and hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you often."

"I fear, madam, I shall be compelled to deprive myself of so great a pleasure. I have unexpectedly returned from abroad, and desire to locate in this, my native city. I shall take my dear mother with me, which will be in a few days," and turning he gave his loving mother such a look of tender admiration that her heart beat with joy, as great as the pain of separation had been.

On leaving the table, Dr. Bronson cast one meaning glance at those petrified lizards that always infect a highly respectable boarding house.

Mrs. Maynard and poor little Josy were very sad at parting with "the pretty lady." But the widow consoled them by saying that she would not forget them. And the Doctor promised little Josy a ride the next day.

And so Mrs. Bronson left, with tears of real regret shed by one, at least, who did not ask, "Who is she?"

The Mystery Solved.

I had the story from one who was well acquainted with all the circumstances, and she said, to use her own words, "it made a great stir in the country round about at the time; the poor working folk and the grand, rich gentry alike threw up their hands, and rolled their staring eyes heavenward."

Miss Crosby was accomplished, beautiful, and wealthy, and withal, bore her fully matured charms with the enchanting grace of a Venus. Besides this, Miss Crosby was gifted with the most exquisite taste in dress. Her attire was ever a marvel to all beholders. Rich, elegant, and highly fashionable it never offended in the slightest degree the most artistic eye. And what a figure she had! And how exquisitely each particular dress marked its charming proportions! And how marvellously the chosen colors and style harmonized with her peculiar type of beauty! In short, dress in all its details seemed to be a sort of inspiration with her.

Thus variously gifted, Miss Crosby was, of course, the reigning belle of the country neighborhood, and, supported by the presence of an [illegible], she rendered Crosby Hall a place of delight to the [illegible] guests that flocked thither for a stay of days or weeks, as the case might be.

But just as Miss Crosby was riding the high tide of universal adulation and approbation, an unpleasant whisper arose. And it arose, too, among her own servants, unvarying kind as she was to them all.

It had once been observed by one of the maids that the wall cutting off an unused tower had mysteriously opened before Miss Crosby, and closed behind her.

The circumstance was too astounding to be kept secret. Consequently it was at once confided to the other servants. They shook their heads. It did not look well [illegible]

[illegible]

folded the sheet and thrust it into his pocket. "An accomplice. When them comes as knows what to do, they'll see this."

Miss Crosby and her guests had barely entered the morning room at the conclusion of breakfast, when she was summoned to the library to receive a guest.

The beautiful woman bowed in her stately, courteous way. The guest bowed also, and then said, firmly—

"It is, ma'am, my very unpleasant and painful duty to arrest you on the charge of murder!"

"Murder!" shrieked Miss Crosby, stepping back, and gazing at the speaker with dilated eyes and white lips.

"Of murder, ma'am," echoed the official solemnly.

Miss Crosby's shriek had by this time called a crowd of witnessing guests and servants into the room and about the door. She gasped once or twice through her white, parted lips, and then murmured, falteringly—

"Who is my accuser? Who is my victim?"

"You are accused, ma'am, by your own servant—your victim a lovely woman, and your own blood relation, if the servant's story be true. Thomas!"

Thomas stepped forward.

"Yes'm, I'm your accuser!" he said, with dignity, as he fixed his eyes upon his pale mistress. "I saw you do it from the top of the tree out there."

"Do what?" cried Miss Crosby, trembling with excitement.

"The fatal deed," answered Thomas, shivering and paling at the horrible recollection. "With my own two eyes I saw you strike the blow that ended the life of your own twin sister—for that she was, if there's anything in likeness. My perch was too low for me to see you farther down than the waist; but it didn't prevent me seeing you walking up and down the room together, and to see you fussing and petting about her. Then all at once I saw you standing still in front of one another. But it was only a minute. The next I saw your hand raised, the weapon shining in it, and the fatal blow given. There was a loud shriek, a fall, and then silence. My perch being low, as I said, I couldn't, of course, see what was going on on the floor; but I did see you go away and then come back with hammer and nails, after which there was a great hammering. I can't say it was a box for your sister you were making, you know."

And as Thomas stepped solemnly back, the official displayed an open letter, remarking—

"And this letter to M. Bertholette sounds suspicious, Miss Crosby." "A grievous end of things in the tower—come to me" it says. "Miss Crosby, I must trouble you to show me to the tower."

Before Thomas had finished, Miss Crosby had sunk into a chair and covered her white face with her hands, visibly shaking as she sat there. But at this request she rose firmly to her feet, a slight hectic flush tinting her hitherto pale cheek as she did so.

"Come, all of you," she cried, looking about her with cold disdain.

And closely guarded by the official, she led the way, followed by the breathless, eager group. At the mysterious wall she paused, and pressing a secret spring, sent back a narrow stone column, and ushered the party into a musty hall, and on to a room at the end. Here she drew a key from her pocket. In an instant the door swung open, and simultaneous exclamations broke the lips of those behind.

"True, true—only too true! There she lies, poor thing, dead—quite dead! And Miss Crosby's own sister, too. Did you ever see such a likeness?"

Miss Crosby's voice broke in upon it all with hauteur.

"Examine my victim, sir," she said to the shocked official, "and then call in the coroner."

"Such heartlessness!" whispered the group behind.

The official said nothing, but stepped briskly forward. Almost instantly he staggered back.

"Wax!—nothing but wax!" he stammered, with astonished eyes.

"As you say, sir, nothing but wax," echoed Miss Crosby, continuing haughtily. "This figure was made and set up here by M. Bertholette. It is a perfect likeness of myself, and by means of it I have succeeded in rendering my attire absolutely faultless. In this room I have patiently studied dress as a fine art, selecting for myself only such colors and styles as proved unquestionably becoming to my waxen image.

"For years this secret has been M. Bertholette's and mine; but last night I was so unfortunate as to entangle my foot in one of the wires by which the figure glides up and down the room, and with my scissors still grasped in my right hand, I vainly essayed to save it from a damaging fall. Naturally I screamed. And naturally I ran for hammer and nails to repair the damage. This morning I summoned, by the letter you hold, M. Bertholette to the scene of the disaster."

Miss Crosby paused, and bowed mockingly to her audience, and then turning to the crestfallen butler, said quietly—

[illegible]

DOG TEASING IN NEVADA.

[illegible]

HOME CULTURE.

"Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization and all the good things which are connected with manners and civilization, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the results of both combined. I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion."—EDMUND BURKE.

We propose to devote a space in our columns under this heading, from time to time, to various matters pertaining to the training of the young and to self-improvement.

To this end, we invite those who are interested in such subjects, to give us their views, and also those who wish information to confer with us, while we will hold ourselves in readiness to aid them to the best of our ability.

Some of the most distinguished writers of our time, here and in England, have lately taken up topics that since the days of the Spectator have been but lightly touched upon in our serials; subjects pertaining to good breeding and mental and moral culture, which ought to be of interest to all who instruct the young, whether parents or teachers.

Emerson says: "A circle of men perfectly well-bred, would be a company of sensible persons, in which every man's native manner and character appeared." How different the idea of those who fancy that there is a ritual to which every man must conform, and if failing in a knowledge of any one of its thirty-nine articles, he is cast out from its paradise.

Fashion he calls an attempt to organize beauty of behavior; but "that elegance which comes of no breeding, but of birth" is not always found in those circles where fashion reigns.

The pure heart and the noble nature, which, dealing nobly with all, believes that all will show themselves noble, is not always at home in those circles, which are called fashion and [illegible] before the [illegible] of titles and dignities [illegible] love."

"A beautiful form [illegible] face; a beautiful behavior [illegible] tiful form, and a [illegible] behavior beautiful."

[illegible]

FARM AND GARDEN.

SALT FOR MILDEW.—M. Chabot recommends [illegible] salt as an antidote for mildew on vines. [illegible] sprinkling a handful of salt around the base of each vine, the effect, he says, was marvelous, and vines hitherto covered with this fungus grew luxuriantly and had an abundance of grapes entirely free from oidium.

HOEING.—If the soil was properly prepared before planting, and is reasonably free from weeds, horse cultivation may be profitably substituted for the hand-hoe. [illegible]

FOWLS FOR DOMESTIC USE.—[illegible]

FRUIT.—Thinning of fruit on pear, peach and choice apple trees is too little practiced. [illegible]

ABOUT HAYING.—[illegible]

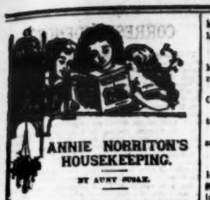
[illegible]

A Human Salamander.

[illegible]

DR. SLADE AT THE HAGUE.

[illegible]



ANNIE NORRITON'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The mistress to Annie's expectations, had been very amiable while an invalid, amusing the little children, and often being very useful to her; but he soon recovered his good looks, as well as his buoyancy of spirits, and was off again to school. His second to last visit was the disgraceful termination of his truant visit to the common, and was in regularly to his meals. He had taken to playing them to his home, in a lot nearly opposite, where the boys congregated to engage in various games. This pleased Annie, for now she had all the children under her eye. Charley in the library, Rob in the lot, and the little girls in the garden. Surely she could now rest content.

One afternoon, as she was dressing the girls, Rob came up stairs. She heard him, she was sure, but he did not come to her as usual. She called him and he answered far away in the third story.

"Come down, Robby," she cried; "I want to see you."

She heard him descend with faltering steps and halt at the door.

"Come in," Annie said. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing much," said the boy.

"I wish you would run up stairs and bring as Nelly's dress from the closet, will you, dear?"

There was something strange in his gait as he went toward the door. He did not turn around, as usual, but walked backward, looking at his sister the while.

"There is something the matter with you, Rob! I know it!" said Annie.

"I know it, too," said Nell, as she ran to her sister. "Robby's got his coat-tail torn off!"

"Well, really, Rob, you are too bad," said Annie. "Come here and let me see."

Sure enough, the skirt of his coat was torn entirely off.

"It was so rotten," said Rob. "Willie Trevor hardly touched it and it came right off in his hand. It was here playing leap frog and he hardly touched me!"

"Now you have no coat to put on, you bad boy."

"Yes I have, my best one; or will you mend this?"

"Rob! how Sally is crying," said little Rosy.

Annie hurried down-stairs, and found Sally fast in the hands of Mary, the cook, who was beating her with a stick.

"What are you doing, Mary?" said Annie, as she tore the child from her unwilling hands. "How dare you strike her?"

"Faith, and if the misthress was here, she'd get more than she got from me, the bad child. Didn't she throw wather down on me head through the windy, this blessed minute, and wetted my beautiful clean dare all over, and me jaus washing it up."

"You should have told me, and I would have punished her!"

"Sure don't I know she punishment she would get from you, Miss Annie! Divil a stharke would give her! The first time I hear larnin' the house; so pay me, me wages, and I'll be off. I can't live among such children, and the misthress away!"

"What is just the reason you should have stayed," said Annie, taking her purse from her pocket. "Here is your money. Go as soon as you like."

And now the cook was gone. The children were to dress, and the supper to prepare. It was Thursday and Katy, the chambermaid, was out, and Rob without a coat. Annie was almost wild. She gave Sally a push up stairs her patience was exhausted.

"O dear!" she thought, "if mamma was only at home."

Charley came from the library at her bidding and took the girls back with him, and gave them some great picture books to look at, while Rob, soaking, turned over the leaves. Annie went to the kitchen. There were chickens to cook, vegetables to boil, and cake to bake. There was no fire in the range, and everything was in disorder. She went to work, however, in good earnest, and the supper progressed finely under her hands.

The table, with its snowy cloth, was resplendent with its glittering silver; a large bouquet decorated its centre; and by the time Mr. Norriton came home, the supper was done to a turn. Annie felt very proud as she arranged it on the table.

"Mary has turned over a new leaf," said Harriet, as he tasted his chicken. "One might think Fairies had been at work at this nice supper!"

"No, it wasn't fairies," said Sally, "for it was sister Ann. Mary is gone away, and good-one knows I'm glad of."

"What has happened now?" said Mr. Norriton. "More trouble, I suppose. Bobbie, why do you come to the table without your coat? Go put it on!"

The children looked wise, but Annie motioned to them to be silent, and Rob soon came back with his best coat on. The supper went off nicely, and Katy came home early enough to wash the dishes.

The holidays were now fast approaching, and to the scholars not long, been anxious for a meeting. The usual entertainment had its quantity of them. The day was set apart for the great event, and the spelling of all the difficult words in the English language was carefully studied by the scholars for many weeks. Annie was not a great student, and when Annie's sire him out the words he had prepared, he was one to miss them all. Charley at once him to give it up, but there was no backing out with Annie, and on the arrival of the day was just as hopeful about standing a prize as the best speller in the school.

Meanwhile Mrs. Norriton continued head steadily improved. All the disasters of the summer were laid over, and soon all the household affairs ran in the old groove again. Annie's housekeeping was at an end, and the prize at the spelling bee, and did not interfere with Charley's secret study.

Silly stood down into the same obedient mode she formerly was, and Nell and Rosy once more found out they had another friend to guide them than that of their indulgent sister.

Among the spelling bee scars off, every one was surprised to see Rob standing home with a flag, shouting on a banner a splendid lemon from full of yellow fruit. He had won a prize among enough, as went to his own astonishment and to that of the rest of the family!

"Hurrah! you do it, Rob!" asked Charley, as they were all gathered round the beautiful lemon. "What was the word?"

"Q-U-e-u-e-h on easy word, and every one of them missed it!" cried Rob, laughing in great glee.

"Can't you tell us what it was?" said Char ley.

"It's no sure I can; it was just such a little word—" said—"that was it—a fisher's net, you know. Such spelling! How you would have laughed, mamma, had you been there!"

"Can you spell it now, Rob?" said Charley.

"Of course, I can. Do you think I could have got the prize if I had not spelled the word right?"

"Won't you spell it for us now?" persisted Charley.

"Q-u-e-u-e" spelled Rob.

"That's not right, either!" again said Charley.

"Q-u-e-u-e-h" spelled Rob.

"That's not right, either!" again said Charley, with a smile.

"Q-u-e-u-e" spelled Rob.

"That's not right, either!" again said Charley, with a smile.

"Q-u-e-u-e-h" spelled Rob.

"That's not right, either!" again said Charley.

Rob grew red in the face, and Mrs. Norriton interposed.

"Robbie," he said, "you have forgotten. The word is spelled w-e-i-g-h, pronounced *wa*."

"Well, it all but the truth," said Rob, while a cunning smile lighted up his countenance, "I didn't know how to spell it at all, but I thought I might as well try, so I guessed at it and guessed right, too! ha! ha! ha! And here is the pretty tree for you, mamma, all for you."

Mrs. Norriton kissed her bright boy, and accepted his gift, which was placed in the most conspicuous spot in the parlor.

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One morning, as Mrs. Norriton was looking at her flowers, she said: "What in the world are those things coming up all over the garden? They look like beans, and here is corn, too, and pumpkin vines! It is very strange!"

"I planted the magions, mamma," said Rosy, as she looked over his flock; "but Nellie planted Sally's bean bag, and Charley's corn!"

And so the mystery was explained.

The school was now closing for the summer. Charley passed his examination with high honors, which gratified his parents; but his own special reward for all his self-denial, all his secluded hours in the library, was that he had become a proficient in the art of shorthand writing, taught to him by a great technician, as his dearest wish was, some time in the future, to become a reporter for a newspaper.

[THE END.]

LIFE RESCUE.

The following simple directions are from St. Nicholas for July: The true plan to follow, when safety is the call, is to swim, every thing below the chin well down under water, the head well back and the body centrally on the floating power of the lungs. But what will you do when your comrade is tired out and drowning? That depends. If he is cool and reliable, get in front of him, let him place his hands on your hips (not your shoulders, and you can carry him quite a distance. That supposes that parties, rescued and rescuer, understand this. The weaker party is the one that ought to drown. If he cannot do it, he should let drown his friend by a miserable, cowardly death-clutch at the only floating thing around him. In the case of the child's drowning, he will certainly run your man and leave him there. There may be an unpleasant wrestle, but the real drowning man is ready to quit his grasp when he strikes bottom. The better man has a right to come to the surface and swim ashore.

But in a considerable swimming experience, and some rescues, there comes one absolute rule: Never flee a drowning man. He welcomes rescue so eagerly that he will hug you around the neck and take you down. The safest and best thing to do is to get behind him, and, unless you are an adept, get your left hand across his right arm-pit. The lift you give him will be enough in ordinary water. He can be counted on to help you all he can, and, besides, he being you can bring him to shore. If he is insane with fright, recollect that you are to be his prudent and heroic friend, and give him, clutch his ankle with one hand and tow with the second hand. If you don't, he is very likely to drown on the way. If he does, it is not your fault. But a brave swimmer is master of his element.

I once saw two young fellows rescue a drowning comrade in a way that was remarkable for its neatness. The latter, overtaken by cramp, trying to do is to get behind him, and, unless he can handle him

OUR LONDON GOSSIP.

THE PLAGUE OF FAIR WOMEN.

But the last fortnight the modiste of Paris and London have been fashioning the daintiest costumes for the forthcoming Ascot Heath.

Wednesday of Ascot week is, as the world knows, or should know, Ladies' Day; and for a hour scene there is no Epsom or Ascot, which this year was spoiled by the rain. At Ascot the fair sex shone in all its glory, dressed and coiffured and gowned and hatted and booted and gloved and parasoled to the nines, and, from the point of view of the humanity that does not wear clothes, the philosophic student of fashion could not help but pronounce the result a success.

Although, now I stand
With bonnet in hand
Before the fair throng that I see,
Please don't be offended
If I don't stay bended
While I'm addressing you, for we
Don't like to be bent
When we're content
To be standing erect and free.

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OUR LONDON GOSSIP.

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THE WAY OF THE MAGNATE.

A row of twenty-six miles by the London and Northwestern Railway, from Euston and Broad Street, is frequently gone by train, many of them stealing their seconds allowed to meet them at the station, whence the gentry proceed in a body to the paddock, and there remain outside the stand.

THE "SWELL" WAY.

The aristocratic style, however, has a way of their own, and materially a more magnificent way this is apparent from their painted carriages. What with the liveries of the servants, positively in brilliant Dresden and redcoat at horses along the road. Then added among the groups, and scarcely less conspicuous than the gaily pleasant dains, starting their own equipment old pike of Windsor Castle, through which the Prince of Wales passed it by the high road, and so up to Ascot Heath. Who will say that they cannot enjoy life to its uttermost who can combine delicious-ness with the social duties? Even we or other feeble in imagination to perpetual fog and quinsy human ills.

THE POET-IN-HAND CLUB.

The Poet-in-Hand Club appeared in full force the other day at the meeting of the poets in the field opposite the grand stand, which had been specially engaged for the club by its President, the Duke of Beaufort and throwen open during the week for its members' use.

VILLAS AT ASCOT.

Some of the wealthiest of the houses in the vicinity of the race course during the race week for the year are those overlooking these commencement. Many of them only that they pay most princely for their privileges! The rent for the one week is often as much as would keep a family of moderate means for the rest of the year. But what is this to those who desire to set the world and to place themselves at the service of fashion? Many of the villas are, in fact, hospitality offers lined to noted loosely and the meticulousness of their responsibility receives a new quickening of mor-mented interest every year! The Prince of Wales and Princess of Wales always remain at Ascot during the week, so that the inner lights have high thoughts for their villas.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.

Ruinous did last year's Ascot Meeting to make the landscape worthy of the Queen in the foreground. Were roundabout, being sun and on Italian sky lent its most brilliant atmosphere to the scene. But it never was so well behaved as at a private reception. The ground was, with its rising tiers, assumed a gigantic proportion, and the people, with its bright and gay figures, dotting all the lawn to be they moved about and shifted in a feverish way at intervals.

THE ROYAL STAND.

In the royal enclosure the scene de la creme was grouped. No Englishman is admitted to its charmed precincts without the permission of the Master of the Buckhounds. Foreigners who never tickets through introduction pay an admission fee of $5 for the luxury of the opportunity of seeing the Queen. Even a royal personage may be set down as descriptive of the humanity that thronged to behold the training, and ran in shoulders with the kingly Imperial.

COMING OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales drove up in an open carriage, with scarlet outriders, which was preceded by Lord Hardwicke and his attendants in the green velvet costume of the Master of the Buck Hounds. While riding on horseback by the royal party cheering. The Prince was clad in gray, which is the fashionable wear for gentlemen.

SOME ROYAL COSTUMES.

The Princess, who, as usual looked charming and gentle, wore a black costume, princess, relieved fortunately down the front with cream colored silk, a white bonnet trimmed with heads, and yellow roses.

The Princess Louise wore white silk, with a bunch of flowers near the right shoulder.

The Duchess of Connaught appeared in a black silk corsage, embroidered with gold.

PRINCE FRANCIS.

A glance over the wonderful scene disclosed the fact that, as before, while was the prevailing color and still the most elaborate material. It was the fitting their complexions, were national red and were also adopted the less trying, but equally conspicuous, these bright yellows. The vanity of the sex rage. The more distingue appeared in subdued colors.

A ROYAL FLOWER BED.

With ladies thus adorned the lawn of the royal enclosure resembled a metropolitan flower show in-stead of a race course. Even the costumes of the ladies should not have all the credit for this feast of rich colors, for the four members of the Chinese embassy, the first officially to visit England, were and lace, made a prospect in themselves as they sat among white, quaint-looking crow upon at marvellous sights they have ever before.

AMERICANS PRESENT.

Opposite were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierrepont, the latter in a costume of white silk, and the other Americans at the race were Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. Cox. On a drag near the enclosure were Mrs. Paran Stevens and Miss Stevens, the latter the centre of a rich dark satin silk combined with white lace, and wearing a white hat. Not long ago the distinguished American actor Herman Vezin, chatting with the late Baron Lionel Rothschild.

KING WHITE LEAVENWORTH.

Among the conspicuous drags was that of Mr. Cassy, on which were Lady Tempest and Mrs. Cassy, on which were Lady Tempest and Mrs. Vanderbilt. Lady Tempest wore blue silk and white lace, and Mrs. Vanderbilt a costume of brown silk, with white trimmings. Mrs. Vanderbilt's costume was of white muslin's hair trimmed with white trimmings, flounces, which also adorn a white parasol. Mrs. Vanderbilt's hat is decorated with a